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FRIENDS THAT ARE WITH ME NO MORE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ANNIE M. CURTIS.

Where sweetest of music is blended
With merriest laughter and jest,
Come dreams of a Summer-day ended,
To burden my soul with unrest;
So I grieve for a bright hour departed
With the peace that no prayer can restore,
For the time when I roamed happy-hearted
With the friends that are near me no more.

Perhaps 'tis the breath of a blossom,
A bar of a song chaunted low,
That wakens down deep in my bosom
A dream of the glad long-ago;
While under the music and laughter,
And out the damp roses among,
There floats a tune sweeter and softer
Than any by mortal lips sung.

O voices that breathe of dead pleasures,
Speak low in the swift-coming dawn!
What brighter world shelters my treasures,
Whose footsteps from earth's ways are gone?
No sweet word of comfort or warning
Comes back from the beautiful shore;
Oh, where are the friends of life's morning,
The friends that are with me no more!

RUBY;

OR,

A FAIRY OF THE FOOTLIGHTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY EDWARD E. KIDDER.

[Entered in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C., by FRANK QUEEN, in the year 1878.]

CHAPTER XII.

A TELL-TALE DIAMOND AND A FALSE PLEDGE.

Two days had passed. The funeral was over. Mr. Waring had offered a reward of one hundred dollars for the arrest of the murderer, and the same amount for the return of his jewels, more as a concession to public opinion than anything else. He had found his old room gloomy, he had said, and so moved into Mark's late apartment, which the latter had formally surrendered. The broker's dislike to the room in which his dastardly crime had been committed was not unnatural under the circumstances. His nerves were of iron, but he was glad of an excuse to leave the immediate scene of the murder, where the long nights might have been fraught with such uneasiness to one in his position. He had at first intended leaving the house, so full of hideous recollections, but a thought of Ruby had deterred him. His passion for the girl had grown to be almost a mania, though he had concealed the feeling carefully up to this time.

Mark had sent two notes to the object of his affection, begging for an interview or an explanation of Ruby's still firm resolve not to see him. To these the girl had returned this brief answer:

"It is better as it is. God bless you always."

So the young man's love began to partake of despair, mixed with anger at her apparent injustice, and he looked forward to the return of his parents, which was expected daily, as a means of finding "surcease from care" for even a brief period. He had gone in company with the detective to the private office of a well-known Judge, where his servant's testimony and his own frank, honest manner had exonerated him from even a suspicion of complicity in the late murder and robbery. He invited Mr. Puff to visit him at his own home, which invitation that little gentleman accepted with great gratification, and proved a scholarly and genial associate and a capital judge of wines, keeping the iron-visaged Daniel in a perpetual smile during dinner by his quaint narratives and merry reminiscences.

The morning after the funeral was a busy day for the domestic drudge Sarah. Great arrears of work were to be straightened up—long-neglected household duties, which it had seemed impossible to perform while "the body" lay in the house and the excitement incident on the inquest and funeral was at its height. So she scrubbed and toiled and swept and dusted, and it was late in the evening when she reached Ruby's little room.

"Never'll do to scrub here to-night," she said, examining the painted floor critically. "Miss Ray'd ketch her death a-cold when she come home. I'll just tidy up a bit."

She placed the chairs in the square, stiff positions which seem ever to constitute true beauty in the mind of the modern servant, and, taking up the flossy door-mat, proceeded to shake it vigorously. Something fell to the floor which glittered like a silver flame in the rays of the candle. With a feeling of curiosity Sarah picked it up and held it to the light. It was a diamond pendant of great beauty, evidently broken off of some larger piece of jewelry.

The girl eyed it with open-mouthed admiration and curiosity.

"Must be worth a precious lot," she said. "I wonder what it's doin' in Miss Ray's room. It can't be hers. I'll take it to Mrs. Peasely. No, I won't, neither. I'll take it to Mr. Waring. I shouldn't wonder if it's his, and maybe he'll give me something for findin' it."

So brushes and brooms were dropped, and she hastened to the broker's room, carefully concealing her prize in her closed hand.

He listened with an assumed air of indifference to her recital, though he recognized the gem as a portion of the diamond earring which had been stolen from him. Having given the voluble Sarah a five-dollar bill, and extorted a solemn promise that she would mention the matter to no one without his permission, he shut the door in her delighted face, and sat down to think. The burglar *had* been in Ruby's apartment that night, then, after all, and, in his haste, had dropped this tell-tale evidence of his presence. He had evidently escaped through the scuttle, and that would account for her agitation on opening the door. But who could it be whom she was so ready to shield? Was it Mark Hatfield, after all, and could the man who witnessed the murder be another of the gang? No, that was impossible. He had discovered that Mark was wealthy, and had no apparent motive for such a crime. He whom Ruby had assisted and the one who had entered through the window were undoubtedly identical. Though he could not solve the mystery of the young girl's interest in the criminal, he felt with delight that he had obtained a hold upon her which he would use to further his own ends. He seized his hat and went into the street to concoct a scheme which should be safe and certain. He had walked some little distance in deep meditation, when he felt a slight touch upon the arm. Looking up, he encountered the sympathetic gaze of Captain Black.

That worthy held out his hand with an air of funereal gladness. The broker did not perceive it.

"Pardon my intrusion upon your grief, my dear sir," said the Captain with gloomy gibbiness, "but a matter of some importance must be my excuse."

"What is it, sir?"

"Before I mention it, Mr. Waring, allow me to say that no one regrets more than I the unfortunate termination of that little affair which I undertook at your solicitation."

"Speak lower."

"That matter of the girl, you know."

"Yes, yes, I know. Well?"

"If we had not been interrupted by a meddling fool, everything would have been as you wished. I should have earned my hundred dollars, and you would have had the girl."

"I do not blame you, Black. I believe that you did your best."

"Thank you, sir. In regard to the other matter, I think I know who has your jewels."

"You do?"

"And who committed the murder."

The broker turned ashen pale.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed faintly.

Black was as great a believer as anyone in the maxim of "honor among thieves;" but Dick's conduct had irritated him to the highest pitch. Not only had that worthy declined to share any of the wealth which he more than hinted was in his possession, but he had laughed with contempt when the Captain had threatened to have him arrested for murder unless he made a satisfactory division of his newly-acquired means. Dick had read the newspaper accounts of the double crime with a gleeful chuckle to his angered associates, and seemed particularly merry on reading the broker's published description of the assassin, whom he could not identify.

The two men turned into an unfrequented street, and the Captain continued in a lower voice:

"You advertise a reward for the return of the jewels, and one for the capture of the murderer. Suppose I could do both. Would you pay me the two thousand?"

"The return of the jewels would be enough," replied Waring. "The capture of the assassin could not bring my poor wife back to life, and I am too much shaken-up by late events to bear the fatigue and worriment of a criminal court."

Black eyed him curiously. Was it possible that some unseen mystery lurked behind this matter? Dick's immunity from fear was in itself a singular circumstance. It was a thing worth studying. He walked on a few moments in silence, and then said:

"Strange to say, Mr. Waring, the man to whom I refer is a brother of the girl whom you so admire."

The mystery was one no longer! Lawrence Waring's eyes flashed with exultation. Everything was as clear as daylight now, and he held the means of bringing the proud girl to his feet. He masked his feelings in a tone of indifference, and said:

"Indeed! Well, Black, I must be off. The thousand shall be yours if you bring me the jewels. Have you any idea where they are?"

"No. I became acquainted with this man accidentally the other night, not knowing his true character. He is a heavy drinker, and may be induced to tell more than he intends."

"He will find it difficult to dispose of the jewels, as every pawnbroker in the city has a description of them. Well, good-day."

"Good-day, Mr. Waring. I will let you know what success I have."

And they separated. The broker returned to the boarding-house, maturing his plan as he went. Arriving in his room, he sat down and wrote the following note:

MISS RAY.—Be kind enough to grant me a few moments' conversation in the parlor. I have something to say concerning *your brother*. Respectfully, LAWRENCE WARING.

Having sealed this and delivered it to Sarah with a warning look, he descended to the parlor and quietly awaited developments.

The effect of his communication upon Ruby was appalling. Her face grew deadly pale, and her limbs trembled under her. But for the presence of the watchful servant she would have fallen to the floor in a swoon. She summoned voice enough to say that she would see Mr. Waring in a few moments, and when the girl had gone she gave way to a burst of agonized grief. All was discovered. This man of stone possessed her dreadful secret, and would hunt her wretched brother to the earth. What should she do? What *could* be done? In a paroxysm of despair she knelt and asked guidance from Above in this hour of shame and sorrow. Then, removing as well as she could the traces of her recent emotion, she went down to meet the man who held Ruin above her head.

He met her with a civil bow, and carefully closed the parlor-door.

"It will be as well if our conversation is not overheard," he said.

Ruby could not answer, could not speak even in a whisper. An awful sensation of choking was in her throat, and her hands were like ice, while her temples throbbed feverishly.

"Miss Ray, what I have to say can be said briefly. I have discovered your relationship to the criminal who entered my room and did such deadly work. His whereabouts are also known to me. It is in my power to send him to the gallows."

Still the girl did not speak. But there was a look of anguish and despair in her face that might have touched one more merciful than Lawrence Waring.

"I do not believe that you were in any way cognizant of his crime," he went on, keeping his black eyes fixed upon her face; "but my duty in the premises is clear. You must admit that?"

At last Ruby answered, but in a voice that sounded strangely unlike her own:

"If you intend to do your duty, sir, why need you send for me to torture me by telling me your intentions?"

"Because, Miss Ray, I have a proposition to make."

Her face became on fire, but she waited. Perhaps she was mistaken.

"The little attentions that I have offered you in the past," continued he, "you have chosen to look upon with contempt. I have always admired you, and never more than now. The reputation for virtue which you possess may or may not be deserved. Pardon my plain speaking. There are many in your profession who would gladly accept the offer I am about to make you. It is this: Look with favor upon my advances, and I will give up all thoughts of prosecuting your brother ——"

"Sir, do you dare ——"

"Refuse, and he shall be in prison to-night, and hanged within a month! Choose!"

Oh, how she wondered that lightning did not flash from the clear sky and strike him down. Oh, why did God permit such miscreants to walk the earth? She clasped her hands in an agony of indignant shame conjured up by his words.

"You had better think carefully before you refuse," he said in a low voice. "Your life shall be one of luxury, and you will have saved your brother from a terrible death."

Oh, if she had dared to answer him, as her heart dictated, with the words of outraged womanhood! But it must not be. She was in the toils, and must find some means of conciliating him until she could communicate with her brother. God aid her to tell a falsehood for a good purpose. But *was* it a good purpose? Ah, she dared not think too closely of that. She only knew that Dick was her brother, and must be saved. She turned to the broker with a face of apparent calmness.

"It is a hard thing which you ask, sir, that a sister should sacrifice all that makes life dear to her to save a brother's life. I have read of such things in books and seen them in plays, but I did not believe that a man existed in these days who could make such a proposition!"

His bold eyes did not fall beneath her look of scorn.

"Your offer, terrible though it be, I must accept"—he tried to clasp her in his arms, but she held up her hands imperiously—"but not yet. I must be far away from here before I can sink into the creature you would make me. In three days I will be ready to go where you may choose."

He gazed upon her in wonder.

"This is no trick," he said, "to fly from me in that time?"

"I promise not to leave this house except to pursue my usual vocation."

"Agreed," he cried in a kind of rapture. "And you will not communicate with your brother?"

"I do not even know his address. Have you anything more to say?"

"One kiss to seal the ——"

But she had gone before he could finish the sentence.

CHAPTER XIII.

CAPT. BLACK MAKES A DISCOVERY.

Mr. Dick Ray reclined upon a shabby cot in the front bedroom of "The Farmers' Home" on the day after the one to which we have last referred, in (to use the words of his ever-present companion, Captain Black) "a beastly humor." He had sought during the evening before to add a spice to the monotony of an adjacent bar-room by "cleaning out" the whole concern, and had been severely battered in the attempt. It is but justice to the young gentleman to say that he was heavily under the influence of liquor at the time, or he would not have rated his physical prowess so highly, or entered into a contest which only produced such unsatisfactory returns as a number of severe contusions and a sprained ankle.

"It's a fortunate thing," said Captain Black, as he laid a fresh oyster on the young man's eye, "that you didn't have those diamonds with you."

"How dy'e know I didn't?" was the gruff rejoinder.

"Oh, I don't *know*, of course. Only I supposed you'd have 'em stowed away safely somewhere."

Dick utilized his only available eye with a wink of great cunning.

"It won't do, Blacky, old man. *You'll* never find out where they are, you can bet your boots on that."

His companion's countenance fell.

"Well, just as you please, Dick," he said reproachfully; "but *I* couldn't treat a pal as you do. I'd be ashamed to do it."

"Oh, stow that! What's in the paper? Them rewards are there still, I s'pose?"

The Captain nodded.

"Well, I wish the man luck that gets 'em, that's all. Read me something out, will you? —and don't be such an old mumchance. Read the criminal calendar."

But his companion had caught sight of something of greater interest.

"Why, look here," he said eagerly; "this must be for you," and he read as follows:

BROTHER DICK.—Diamonds. Situation in country ready. Go moment you read this. SISTER.

"What makes you think it's for me?" growled Dick with great contempt.

"Why, it's plain enough to *me*," said the other. "It means you're to get out of town quick, and it's from your sister. She didn't dare make it any plainer, for two reasons—first, it would have attracted attention; and, secondly, the papers would not have published it."

The burglar glanced at the paper with a little show of interest.

"Maybe you're right," he said at length. "That word diamonds is meant for something, surely."

"Of course."

"She's living there in the house, and get's all the news, I s'pose; but blow me if I go away for anybody. The girl don't know as much as she thinks she does. Here I am, and here I'll stay. If I was hauled up in court to-morrow, there isn't a thing as could be proved agin me."

"Just as you like," said the aquiescent Captain, who felt at times as though he could gladly strangle his young friend. "Will you have some porter?"

"No; gimme some brandy; and ask Tommy for a pen and ink and some paper, will you? I want you to write me a letter. My hand wouldn't hold a pin, let alone a pen."

This mandate having been fulfilled, Black laid the stationery on a little table and awaited his companion's instructions.

"It's to my sister Ruby, telling her I want to see her. Say that she's made a mistake in a certain matter, and to come up here to-morrow afternoon and ask for me. Say I'm sick, and that'll make her come quicker. Have you written that?"

In answer, the Captain placed the letter before him for perusal.

"That's all right," said Dick. "Hold on, though. Why, you haven't put the number of the street where we hang out. Fine old penman you are."

The Captain looked confused.

"I'll put it down below," he replied. "Is it all right otherwise?"

"Yes. Sign 'Dick' at the bottom, and say a friend is writing it for me."

The Captain nodded and scratched away vigorously. But a cunning plan had been maturing in his mind for the last few moments. Instead of writing the address of "The Farmers' Home," he placed upon the letter a number in a different street, and, sealing the letter, placed it in the hands of the accommodating Tommy for instant mailing.

Having finished this, the only business of the day, the two men paid court to a bottle of cheap and fiery brandy to such an extent that Dick soon fell into a drunken sleep, while Black was fain to thrust his head out of the window to prevent a similar condition. He had much the stronger brain of the two, and, although sadly muddled by the frequent potations, had sense enough left to view his companion's slumber with an eye of interest. Closing the window, with his faculties somewhat steadied by the atmospheric bath, he leaned over the bed and regarded Dick attentively.

"It's worth a search," he muttered, and then proceeded with a delicate hand to examine his companion's pockets. An old pipe, a two-dollar kill and a tobacco-pouch were the only things that rewarded his efforts. These he returned to their respective pockets with a grumble of disappointment.

"He's a deep one, but he must have 'em somewhere," he thought, "or else the tickets for 'em."

He even ventured to remove the sleeper's shoes, but with no better success. He then picked up Dick's hat and made a discovery. Between the lining and felt some stiff substance like card-board had been sewed. Black looked cautiously at the sleeper. He had not stirred, and his deep breathing verged upon a snore. The Captain drew his pocket-knife, and with a light touch cut the connecting threads. Then, putting in his hand, he drew out a bank-book. It was from a city bank, and stated that one thousand dollars had been placed to the credit of Mr. Richard Ray, and the date was the day after the murder. The Captain uttered a little exclamation of surprise.

"So, he's on the saving dodge, is he?" he said.

Something dropped from the leaves of the book. Black picked it up. It was a pawn-ticket, stating that P. Blum, licensed pawnbroker, had loaned the sum of one thousand dollars to William Ryan on collateral consisting of divers diamond studs. This the Captain copied with great rapidity, and, borrowing a needle and thread from an elderly female, supposed to be Tommy's grandmother, proceeded with much dexterity to restore the articles to their former position, and then, putting on his hat, gained the street. He walked rapidly in the direction of the boarding-house. It was nearly seven o'clock when he reached the vicinity, where he lurked until he saw Ruby come out on her way to the theatre, and then entered the house and sent up his name to Mr. Waring. The latter was in a furious temper at this moment, the cause of which I will explain. He had noted Ruby's advertisement, and, with keen intuition, guessing its object, had requested to see her. When he taxed her with her subterfuge she defiantly acknowledged it, and, believing by that time her brother had perceived and heeded the warning, threw off the mask and poured forth her contempt with all the eloquence of insulted virtue. Thus was he in a frame of mind to think of the deepest revenge when his ally and subservient tool, the Captain, was announced. The latter opened the conversation:

"Mr. Waring, are you as anxious to obtain possession of a certain little fascinater as you once were?"

Was it purposely or by accident that this man touched upon the one subject of his thoughts? The broker gazed at him with a piercing look, but Black's face was as calm and smiling as a Summer morning.

"Suppose I am," he said at length, "can you aid me?"

The Captain chuckled.

"Well, I should say I could," he replied. "And no carriages or force or anything to make a disturbance, either. It can be done as easily as trapping a mouse with new cheese. What's it worth to you?"

"I'll say the same as before—a hundred dollars."

"Make it two hundred, and it's a bargain. There's a good deal of risk about it."

"Why, I thought you said there was to be no carriages or noise or disturbance, and that it would be as easy as trapping a mouse with new cheese?"

The Captain recognized his own words with a slight look of confusion.

"My enthusiasm carried me away," he said.

"I will make it the two hundred if the plan is successful. When do you undertake it?"

"To-morrow. You have nothing to do but to go to that number at any hour after four to-morrow"—he handed him a card—"and the girl will be there. Will go there of her own free-will, too."

"I don't understand this," said the broker with an air of doubt.

"You will when you get there, sir. I had rather not mention the details of the affair just yet."

"As you please. I will call at the address you have given me, and will see you at a later hour. Any news of the diamonds?"

"I have a clue, sir, which I think I can work up. Good-night, Mr. Waring."

"Good-night."

Black had several motives for his course. One was to gain the two hundred dollars, for his funds were low, and another was to prevent the meeting of Dick and his sister. The latter would be sure to relate the story of her attempted abduction, in which the Captain had figured so conspicuously, and of which Dick knew nothing, and Black had a wholesome dread of that young man's temper and fists. So he congratulated himself upon the fortunate manner in which events had been shaped to suit his desires, and walked in an excellent humor uptown.

CHAPTER XIV.—RUBY FALLS INTO THE TRAP.

"Mrs. Peasely," said Ruby, as she sat alone with that matron at the breakfast-table on the day after the one just described, "I am going away."

"Bless me, child, you don't mean it!" ejaculated the landlady, stopping the fork midway to her mouth in her astonishment.

"You know how sorry I am to leave you," said the girl, rising and taking a seat by the side of her kind friend. "You have been very good to me indeed, and I don't want you to think me ungrateful; but it is best that I should go."

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised," exclaimed her companion, "if that good-for-nothing Waring had been tormenting you again!"

"You are right, dear Mrs. Peasely; but please don't speak to him. He pays you well, and you cannot afford to offend everyone whom I dislike. Besides, there are other reasons why I wish to go."

This was true enough. Ruby did not know at what moment the discomfited broker might speak out and inform the entire household of her disgrace.

"I have found a little room," she continued, "where I can be comfortable at a moderate cost, and be free from annoyances which surround me now; but I shall never find anyone who will be as kind and thoughtful as you have been," and she kissed the stout landlady with deep affection.

"Perhaps you're right, Miss Ray," said Mrs. Peasely thoughtfully. "But you must come and see me sometimes—won't you, that's a dear?"

"Indeed, I will; and when I am settled I will let you know my address. But please don't give it to anyone."

"Not even to Mr. Hatfield?" said the landlady with a roguish look.

"Not to anyone, please."

And Ruby went up to her little room to pack her trunk. This did not occupy many moments, and, having finished, she dressed herself for the street to attend a ballet rehearsal which was "called" at ten o'clock "sharp."

"Sarah, let the man have my trunk who calls for it, and tell Mrs. Peasely I will try and get back to lunch and bid them all good-bye," she said as she came down the stairs.

At the street-door she met the postman, who handed her Dick's letter. She slipped it guiltily under her shawl, for she more than half suspected from whom it came, and did not open it until she was some distance from the house.

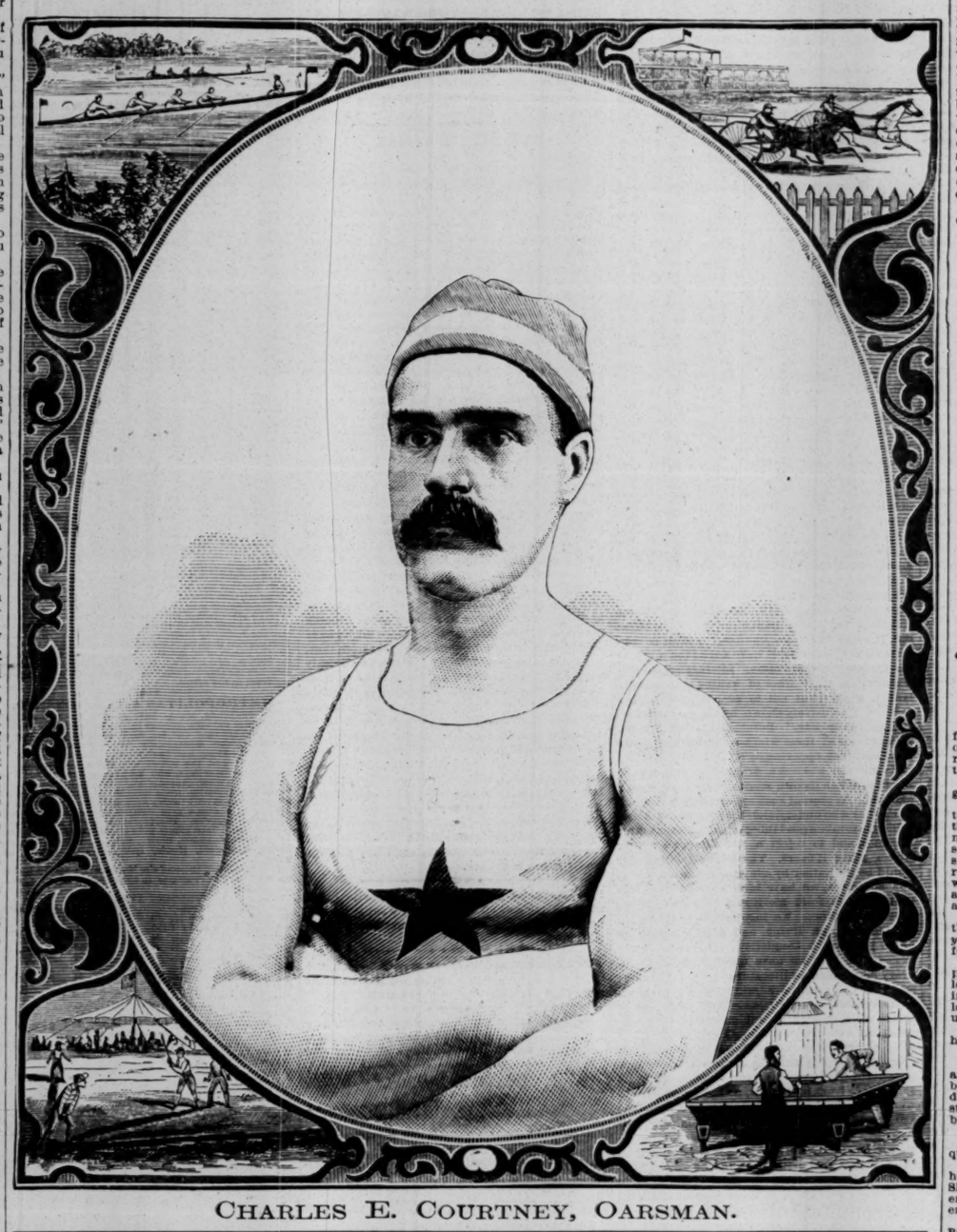
"Poor Dick," she said, after perusing the note; "he is sick, and perhaps sorry for his crime. God give me power to say to him what I wish. I will go after rehearsal."

She put the letter away carefully, and, filled with sad and gloomy thoughts, entered the theatre. The stage presented a marked contrast to its glittering brilliancy at night. Everything was dark and dull. A single gas-jet, set in the centre of the stage by the quenched footlights, flared redly, and the vast auditorium looked like a tomb. The private boxes were swathed in huge white muslin cloths, which were also extended around the front of the dress-circle. Yawning traps were open upon the stage, and carpenters were busily at work nailing scenes together. A stray sunbeam shot down from a window in the "flies," exposing the tawdry coloring of a "fairy drop," and the general effect was depressing in the extreme. The prompter's table stood near the solitary gas-light, and he was busily at work writing down some items given by a short, stout man of middle age, with a smooth, swarthy face, and decidedly foreign manner. This was M. Bolinski, the French ballet-master—a man of immense learning in matters Terpsichorean, but with a limited knowledge of the English language. The various members of the ballet stood in groups of twos and threes at the different "wings," going through their "practice." This consisted of placing one hand against a projecting scene, and, while standing upon one limb, kicking the other at swift intervals as high as possible into the air. This produces that freedom and elasticity of movement so necessary in a ballet-dancer, and gone through with for two or three hours every day is *work* of the hardest kind. I mention this for the benefit of certain young ladies who think that the life of a ballet-dancer is akin to that of a butterfly. The general appearance of the young women at these rehearsals would, I fancy, disenchant the most infatuated of their admirers, could they but have "the run of the house" at such periods. Their attire, as a rule, consists of a soiled, short tarletan skirt, long stockings covered with thick leggings to exclude the cold, and a short, rough coat or jacket over all.

The prompter, having finished his writing, clapped his hands vigorously and shouted:

"Clear the stage!"

TO BE CONTINUED.



CHARLES E. COURTNEY, OARSMAN.

SIGHINGS OF SORROW.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ANNIE HINDLE.

There's a tremulous throb in my heart to-day
That never was there before;
There's a wearisome weight within my breast
That makes me long for a peaceful rest,
Where suffering and sorrows are o'er.

I wonder how many dark mornings have dawned
Since the earth was beaming and bright!
The birds were gay and the sun was fair,
And a joyous warble filled the air,
When heart first felt it was night.

The beauty and bloom from my life have gone
Like dew from a fading flower;
The future looks dreary, the present is dark,
The storm in its fury has shattered my bark
On the rocks in a single hour.

Oh, who could e'er tell that a morn so fair
Would set in so dismal a night—
That while I was dreaming of safety and rest,
Of pillowing my head on a tender breast,
My hopes would be covered with blight?

Another to-morrow will dawn, it is true,
With its birds and its spice-laden breeze;
But the blush and the bloom from my life have gone,
And, wearily watching the shadows creep on,
I long to be laid 'neath the trees.

New York, Sept. 20, 1878.

THE BOAT RACE,
OR DEARER THAN LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY MNEMOSYNE.

"You will endeavor to win?"

"Yes, or die in the attempt," and the fire that flashed from the eyes, and the firm compressing of lips of the man told of determination, of the resolution to conquer if within the scope of mortal power.

"Die?" repeated the girl. "What folly! Better give up the race."

He glanced swiftly, fervently, at her, and then turned his gaze to a little boat rocking idly upon the transparent water of the lake. It was the merest phantom, light as a feather, swift as a swallow, built in the most dainty fashion, the spotless sheen of the pearl without, the faint, rosy blush of the deep-sea-shell's heart within, with a narrow ribbon of crimson running around, a single golden star gleaming upon the prow, and a tiny flag floating from the stern.

"Look!" he replied proudly and even fondly at the little craft. "It bears a cherished name—*your name*—and shall I fail of winning through fear of the death that must come to all?"

"You oarsmen are very vain of your accomplishments, and risk much for that which, at least, is a worthless prize," she answered, bending upon him the light of her black eyes, and letting her little fingers rest gently for a moment upon his broad and sun-burned hand.

The touch thrilled him as fire, but, restraining himself, he answered earnestly:

"Not so. Honor is dearer than life."

"Pshaw!" she laughed, bending still nearer and more dangerously towards him until her soft breath floated to his cheek and played amid his dark chestnut curls. "You willfully misunderstand me—I know honor is very dear to mankind, but is it dearer than all else in the world?"

"I said it was dearer than life, Laura."

"And everything else?" she questioned with coquettish smile and burning gaze.

He did not answer, though well understanding; he turned his hot face away, and even trembled. She saw her power, and, lavishing more of incipient caresses upon him, and seeking the more to enchain him, continued:

"Charley, your ideas of the matter are Utopian. But why do you so much wish to win the race?"

"To please you, Laura—to have the boat bearing your name remain unconquered."

"It has never been as yet."

"And never shall be while strength remains in my arms."

"But suppose I should wish that this time it should not come in foremost?" she questioned, with a pretty attempt at indifference.

"I should doubt my understanding you aright."

"But I do so wish, Charley dear;" and yet once again her hand rested upon his, and the touch was as magnetic lightning to his blood.

"You wish me to be beaten," he repeated slowly and wonderingly. "You know how greatly my friends would be disappointed—how much my enemies would rejoice—how much there is at stake upon my winning?"

"And would you weigh them all against my even slightest wish?" she answered, drawing coldly away. "You have again and again told me how deeply you loved me; and now, when there is an opportunity to prove it, you refuse."

"Prove it by permitting myself to be beaten, by debasing my manhood," he said sadly.

"Being beaten amounts to nothing. It is the easiest thing in the world to be taken suddenly ill—hundreds do so even while apparently making a great struggle for the prize. Charley, if you love me you will not refuse."

It was a desperate situation in which to be placed. A warm-hearted, even passionately loving man, with a rarely beautiful girl using all the charms of nature and coquetry at her to bend him to her purpose—a sweet tempter luring from the right. And gladly would he have assented and taken the all but proffered kiss—the very first—from the full, carmine lips; but honor barred the way, and he endeavored to learn the reason of her sudden change—the reason why she of all the world, wished him to be disgraced in the race.

He sought in vain. She avoided a direct answer, though in the most charming fashion, put it off as simply a womanly whim, said she was tired of always hearing him praised, knew he could easily win, and that was enough for her; and, even while avoiding explanation, did all the more to make him the slave of her beauty and bind him by the strongest chains of love concealed beneath roses.

"You will promise," she said at length, "that you will do as I request, Charley dear?"

"Yes—if ——"

He was not permitted to finish the sentence, to make any reservations. Her lips touched his before another word could be breathed, and she dashed away, leaving him the prey of strange feelings and doubts.

For a few moments he stood lost in thought, failing to grasp the strange situation, amazed with himself, amazed with her he loved. Then he closely followed in her footsteps, passing on towards the lake, where a gay crowd had gathered. Once only he paused. In passing a rustic bower he heard his name mentioned with praise. Then he pressed onward with rising color and rapidly-beating heart, for he knew the sounds he had heard came from the lips that but now had left a sweet pressure upon his own.

The fever of betting was high—the friends of either favorite were freely backing their opinion, and his pride was flattered by the knowledge that he stood the highest in public regard, that the odds were largely upon him.

"Charley Manning has never been beaten with single sculls, and never will!" exclaimed an enthusiast.

"Right!" shouted others in response, "and the Laura will win to-day. A hundred to fifty upon the Laura and Charley Manning."

The words revealed the estimation in which his skill was held, the confidence placed in him, but with them came the bitter recollection that he had given a promise—qualified as he intended, absolute as it was regarded by the girl who had won it from him—that he would lose. What should he do? Love, the dearest ever dreamed of, stood beckoning him to the enjoyment of its honeyed pleasures upon one side, and upon the other stood dishonor, defeat, hopes destroyed, and a blighted name.

"He could win if he chose." Even she, the radiant tempter, had told him so, and heart and brain and muscle attested its truth. What should he do? Be false to love or false to his manhood?—see others (far from his equal) carry away a coveted prize, or lose the one around whom his heartstrings had twined as bands of triple steel?

It was a long, a severely fought struggle, and he could not decide. The two strongest passions in his nature were contending for mastery, and victory might perch upon the standard of either.

"I must know more—must know exactly what Laura deems I have promised before I can act," he murmured bitterly.

He retraced his steps towards the rustic bower, but did not enter. Again he heard the voice of her he loved, in low and earnest conversation, the tenor of which caused him to pale, then flush crimson; and with lips compressed and brow deeply lined by thought, he hastened to his quarters, giving no clue to what was passing in his mind save the single expression:

"If it must be so, it must, be the consequences what they may."

At the signal Charles Manning took his place with the others who were to struggle for the golden prize. The lake was ripplèless, the wind never more hushed, and the sky never more undisturbed by storm. The sun was veiled by hazy clouds, so as to deprive it of its mid-day power. The crowd gathered was large and enthusiastic. Each competitor was hailed with cheers as he stepped into his boat, and lady friends loaded them with favors and cheered them with the sweetest of smiles and words. In this respect Manning was not neglected. Many a manly hand grasped his warmly, and many a manly voice told of the great odds laid upon him.

"You will win, Charley," said some of his most intimate associates.

"You will see," he answered. "The coming-out will tell the story."

The women were lavish in their admiration of his stalwart form—he stood before them the very picture of health and muscular beauty—looked fit to row for a hundred lives.

"You will *not* win," whispered Laura Redmond as he momentarily paused in response to her glances.

He made her the same response as he had his male friends, though with peculiar emphasis upon the words and a peculiar expression of face, and avoided further conversation. And if any had been intended, it would have been cut short. The time for starting had arrived, and most of the razor-like shells were already tenanted. With a single backward glance to the lady of his love, a waving of the hand answered by the fluttering of a tiny handkerchief, Manning took his place and rowed slowly into line.

It was a beautiful sight. Earth, air and water seemed to have for once combined to make the affair a success. There was no one thing to mar the scene, nothing to ruffle the harmony, save that now and then the passion for gain overleaped discretion, and money was rashly risked to be lost and mourned when too late.

A dozen boats waited the command to start. Men sat with braced muscles and drawn breath, as greyhounds straining at the leash. There was a hush of anxiety, a dread moment of suspense, and at the word the boats shot away as many-colored arrows from the same bow, each hoping, each more than anxious, to be the foremost to reach the turning-point, to arrive first at the end. And for a time they rowed with little advantage to either. Then one after another gradually dropped astern, lost all chance of success, though still showing brave hearts in pulling a lost race, and causing fair cheeks to lose their rosy flush, soft hearts to beat fitfully, and bright eyes to grow dim with tears of vexation and disappointment.

Then the contest narrowed down to three, and the struggle became desperate. They were upon the return, and the time made was almost fabulous. Manning was one of the number—but the last. Something appeared wrong with him. His stroke seemed to have lost the usual precision and force, the oars to cut the water wildly, the power to "spurt" (for which he was famous) to be entirely gone. Now and then he appeared to struggle for a better position, but the effect was a failure. He held his own, and that was all—neither gained nor lost—and his backers became alarmed, and some even furious, at the signs of failure.

"By the Heaven above!" exclaimed one who stood near Laura Redmond, "Charley Manning is selling the race, and I shall lose nearly all I am worth."

"He may have been taken suddenly ill," she replied as calmly as she could for quickened pulse and wildly bounding heart, for she saw by all the tokens that her request was to be complied with, and that the race was being miserably lost.

"Yes, suddenly ill!" was sneered in return. "Plenty of money will cause sickness in such men at any time. There is no trusting any of them."

The girl flushed under the charge against her lover and bit her lips. But she made no reply. The spirited answer with which she was accustomed to meet such charges died upon her tongue, and a strange light burned in her eyes. The little hand that had involuntarily clenched opened again and played nervously with her fan, and she drew nearer to the shore and became absorbed in the progress of the boats.

They came rushing on, with tiny beads of foam curling from the sharp prows, but with positions unchanged. Every nerve was being strained. If life had hung upon the result, the efforts could not have been more desperate. The stroke had been increased, and the oars cut the water with almost lightning-like rapidity. It was a battle of giants, the crowning strife of practiced athletes, and the interest of the watchers was so great that every voice was hushed and every form rigid as iron. Men and women became pale, and hearts seemed to have momentarily neglected their functions, and veins to be uncoursed by hot blood.

The end was very near—the goal almost won, or lost—the excitement grew still more intense, and pent-up feelings found vent in words.

"The Sylph' will win!" was shouted by scores of voices. "Charley Manning and the 'Laura' are beaten!"

The cry appeared prophetic. So short a distance remained that it seemed impossible to change the result. Then, as one waking from a trance, Manning bent to his oars, shot ahead of the others, and snatched the prize from the hand ready to grasp it.

Laura Redmond fell fainting, and was carried away. But later she learned that Manning had overheard her treacherous conversation, that she had basely endeavored to use his love for her as a means of gain for friends, and that honor was dearer to him than love—at least, such love as hers.

ANOTHER SAGACIOUS DOG.—The other day a curious little incident occurred on the North British Railway, giving a striking instance of the sagacity sometimes displayed by dogs. Shortly before the arrival of the train leaving Edinburgh for Queensferry, a wise-looking black-and-tan collie dog came onto the platform, where it stood for some time, during which a west-going train stopped and took in passengers until the Queensferry train came up, when, watching its opportunity, it slipped in at the open door of a third-class carriage, in which were seated some ladies and gentlemen, who, seeing that the dog had no owner, endeavored to turn it out, but without success, the dog retreating into a corner under the seat, and resisting every attempt. At the other stations on the line these attempts were repeated; but the dog stuck to its post until Kirkliston was passed, when it approached one of the doors of the carriage and sat waiting until the door was opened at Dalmeny station. Then, with a bound, it cleared the carriage and made off at full speed. It had evidently traveled by the same route before, and, having lost its master in Edinburgh, had taken this method of getting home.

SHAKESPEARE IN A NEW ROLE.—During his visit to Northampton, Mr. Irving the actor related an amusing anecdote. Ten years ago, while passing with Mr. Toole through Stratford-on-Avon, he saw a rustic sitting on a fence. "That's Shakespeare's house, isn't it?" he asked, pointing to the building. "Yes." "Ever been there?" "No." "How long has he been dead?" "Don't know." "Many people come here?" "Yes; lots." "Been to the house?" "No; never been to the house." "What did he do?" "Don't know." "Brought up here?" "Yes." "Did he write anything like *The Family Herald*, or anything of that sort?" "Oh, yes; he writ." "What was it? You must know." "Well," said the rustic, "I think he wrote for the Bible."

"I HEARD lately," says a writer in *Notes and Queries*, "that when a celebrated actress was playing she never went onto the stage at the Opera without going through a curious performance with each person she met as soon as she came out of her dressing-room. If she met one of the actors, or even a super, she made him hold up his thumb in front of her; then, placing her thumb on his, she turned her hand round, at the same time pressing downwards. If the thumb on which she pressed was held firm, she was satisfied; but if it gave way, she imagined that she would break down during the performance. How and where did this strange superstition originate?"

HUMMING-BIRDS.—It is now ascertained that humming-birds are only found on this continent, in the West India Islands, and in two islands of the Pacific. Those in the United States pass from their Winter-quarters in Mexico as far north as Canada, which is their extreme northern limit. From Bolivia they proceed as far as Terra del Fuego, where the officers of the British man-of-war Beagle found them feeding on insects in the blossom of the fuchsia when snow was on the ground, for they do not necessarily demand a high temperature, and some species are found at an elevation of 16,000 to 18,000 feet above the sea. The temperate region of the Andes produces the greatest variety. Their flight is excessively rapid.

AN ELECTRIC KITCHEN.—During a recent thunder-storm in Silver City, Nev., the dwelling of Mr. Lawson became so charged with electricity that none of the kitchen utensils were of service. When touched they emitted sparks as large as those generated by batteries used for blasting; and upon Mrs. Lawson picking up a fork she received a shock that caused her so suddenly drop that instrument.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1878.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

CHARLES, Titusville.—As the feature of any show or musical entertainment, we do not believe there would be any "draw" in your invention. It would undoubtedly prove a curiosity to the few interested in the mechanism of novel instruments; but the effect, and not the cause, is what interests the majority, and they would hardly find pleasure in the mechanical and inexpressive tones which must be the result. To play upon it a person would have to be an adept, so that, as a selling instrument, it does not recommend itself to the great mass of the musically uneducated. The *only* point it has is as a curiosity—one per former being enabled to play upon two distinct stringed instruments—and upon this fact, if it is used in an exhibition, you would have to enlarge.

PERCUNIS, Philadelphia.—1. There *is* an advantage in looking at the bottom card, and the dealer has no right to look at it. 2. Any player in the game can insist upon the cards being cut. It does not rest solely with the dealer and the player next on his right. 3. That side is out which is represented by the eldest of the two "mediums" that is the first to mark in his proper turn. 4. It is a guide only to those who do not know how to play, and an authority among such. 5. Yes, if properly worked out. A similar work would be if gotten up by yourself and issued for sale. Nevertheless, it is the best book published.

SUBSCRIBER.—1. It was not so considered by us, and except by its own members was rated in the same list as the Seventh, Seventy-first, Eighth, Twelfth, and possibly the Ninth, Eleventh and Twenty-second. It had an energetic colonel, and a thorough soldier in its lieutenant colonel. 2. It had no such company in any sense. The crack companies, in one sense or another, were then in the Seventh and Seventy-first Regiments, "A" of the latter then being the once noted Light Guard.

GEORGE S., Glen's Falls.—We answered this some weeks ago, either for you or for somebody else. The U. S. Government entered upon the preliminaries to suits against S. J. Tilden, as to income-tax, about the time of the last Presidential election. That in Detroit is one of a series, we believe. It is our impression that in New York the Government failed to make out a case.

S. S. S.—1. Ella Wesner has been performing in England for some time past. 2. It is impossible to say who were the first two negro song-and-dance men who appeared in public together. Several persons claim to have been the first, but they are unable to clearly prove it. 3. Gus Williams recently left San Francisco, Cal., on a tour East with Haverly's Minstrels.

F. B.—Mathematically, the odds of 15 in 34 is greater than that of 26 in 60. But in practice, the "bad player" who could never win at the odds of 16 in 34 could always win at that of 25 in 60; and the odds-giver who could not win at 26 to 60 could always win at 17 to 34. It depends upon the contestants' style of play more than upon the multiplication table.

GEORGE S. H., Philadelphia.—The Boston (Mass.) Theatre seats 2,972 persons; its stage is 78ft. wide by 66 deep, and contains an area of 5,148ft. The San Francisco will seat 3,015 persons—we have not the dimensions of the stage, owing to frequent alterations. The Academy of Music in your city will seat 2,864, and its stage is 50ft. wide by 73 deep, containing an area of 6,570 feet.

R. R. G.—He is entitled to two, which is what he would have been entitled to had he made five tricks. You could lose two points because of enjoying the right of playing alone, denied to him after he had once passed the trump, or after you had elected to go alone before he had possibly had a chance to pass it. There can be but one "lead" at regular whist.

J. S., Lansingburg.—1. South Ferry and Castle Garden are about on a line. If there is any difference, the Garden is a trifle farther north than the Ferry. 2. The north side of South Ferry is Hamilton street, Brooklyn, is about one-sixth of a mile longer than that from South Ferry to Atlantic street, Brooklyn.

R. E., Elton.—1. We do not know of any there. 2. Cannot say what he will do, but we think it extremely improbable that anyone will attempt to cross the Atlantic Ocean in a balloon. 3. Prof. John Wise, Philadelphia. 4. In any case, balsam, and the lenath of time would depend on your aptitude.

HANOVER, Baltimore.—We have learned since answering you that William Dawson, a native of Philadelphia, was a passenger on the Evening Star, which was lost at sea Oct. 3, 1866. He was in company with the Fowler Sisters, to one of whom—Millie—he was reported to have been married. He was drowned.

GOLDEN GORLET, Toronto.—A referee has nothing whatever to do with outside bets, further than that they are governed by his decision in regard to the game. In regard to the circumstances mentioned, he would be justified in declaring a draw or "no race."

J. J. BERGIN.—In the international ocean race between the schooner-yachts Cambria and Dauntless, in July, 1870, the former won. They raced from Daunt's Rock, on the Irish coast, to Sandy Hook, for a piece of plate valued at £200.

THEATRE-GOER, Baltimore.—1. It is a song that belongs to no particular play, and she might have sung it in several afterpieces. She probably sang it in "Milly the Maid of the Mill," or "Milly the Belle of Bedford Inn." 2. Mrs. F. W. Lander is in retirement, in Washington, D. C.

LACHINE, Montreal.—On the same day on which Rentorth's Tyne crew defeated the Paris crew at Lachine-Sept. 3, Hanlan defeated the Australian sculler Boyle, defeating Thos. Winship and James Taylor of the same crew.

CINCINNATI.—Sophie Worrell is now Mrs. Geo. S. Knight, and traveling and performing with him; Irene Mora is Mrs. Edw J. is still performing; and Jennie is in retirement in this city.

J. E. C.—1. There was no *comic* singer named Billy Emerson at 444 Broadway. The well-known minstrel performer of that name sang there. No such contest ever took place.

C. H. P., Green Island.—C, who accepted the three, was put on by the gift, if the game was true auction-pitch. As between A and B, the former, in making the three he gave, went out on his high.

W. D., Lansingburgh.—1. As you put the case, C gets second money because he stays in the game, while B retires from it. 2. You are the best judge of that, for your own purpose.

POLLY, Norfolk.—1. No. 2. Interview managers that visit your city, and read the play to them. 3. Certainly not. 4. Utility men receive from $8 to $25 per week. 5. We cannot recommend anyone. 6. About $50 per week.

C. C.—1. We may take a thousand slips to record the games. Perhaps you want to know how many games will result from twenty one contestants each playing two games with every other. Multiply twenty by twenty-one.

SUBSCRIBER, Washington.—As we look at it, both contemplated the ratio in which one club would beat the other. In this view, B will have backed himself and C can say what they really meant to bet upon.

WHIST PLAYER.—Any player can insist upon the cards being shuffled after the dealer has failed to or only pretended to shuffle them. Then the dealer, who has always the final shuffle, can shuffle again.

R. A. N., Wichita.—The scenery used in theatres is never painted with oil colors. It is what is called distemper painting, the colors being mixed with water and a sizing made of glue.

J. I. J., St. Louis.—No such decision was given three months ago, or at any other time. No matter how sure a thing it is, a man can win on it, provided he employs no fraud to procure the bet.

JAKE AND MARK, Syracuse.—"Has an umpire any right or authority to declare a man out on the first inning for striking out of place before the whole nine have been to bat?".....No.

JOHN FOX, Johnstown.—1. Dr. Carver's usual distance in glass ball shooting is about 10 or 12 feet. 2. You can obtain "Field, Cover and Trap Shooting," by Capt. Bogardus, from Ed. James; price $2.

BOXER, Bangor.—Edward McGlinchy is the amateur middle-weight champion boxer, having won the medal offered at the Winter championship meeting of the N. Y. A. C.

H. L. M.—1. Allowed to go as he pleased, the horse could do it. 2. Any sound road-horse well cared for could do it, unless confined to a walk, which is not his natural gait. 3. Six or seven.

A. C. M., Lockport.—A loses. The situation is the same as if the Rochesters, having begun a game with another club, had withdrawn from it. Had they never played at all for this champ onship, then his net would be a draw.

M. S., Jersey City.—It is a game as between the clubs, but not for the purpose of bets on the result, except as between those betters who knew, when they laid their wagers, that it had happened to play a tie game.

G. W. M., Providence.—1. Perkins' three-mile time is 20m 47s. 2. Armstrong's correct time in the three-mile walk Sept. 14 was 21m. 42s., a mistake of 28s. having been made by the time-keeper, owing to an error in starting.

J. W. CRAWFORD.—We have not seen any allusion to such a match in print, and don't think the subject has been favorably considered. Holske is entered for the Astley six-day tournament next month.

ROSELLE.—1. Daniel O'Leary won the champion belt at the Astley long distance walk and-run tourney in London, and still holds it. 2. O'Leary defeated Weston in Chicago, Ill., and again in London.

W. J. HUXLEY, Ft. Walsh.—Under the circumstances we would advise that the race be run over, with only one man to start the contestants, and a referee at the outcome to settle any disputed point that may arise.

D. H., McKean.—Hyer and Sullivan fought once only in the prize-ring, the battle taking place at Rock Point, Kent Co., Md., Feb. 7, 1849. It was Sullivan and Morrissey who fought at Boston Corners.

J. R. L., Parsonage.—Dr. Goulland, 86 Tremont street, Boston, Mass., can supply you with such as have been published.

MISS M. J. M., Franklin Falls.—They are performing in small towns, and do not care to have their whereabouts known.

CLOWN, Columbus.—John Denier has never been prominently identified with the pantomime business, although he has frequently acted in such pieces.

D. O. K.—We always like to be informed what the bet is before we "settle" it. A great many contingencies, inclusive of religion, enter into this matter.

ZERO, Pittsburg.—You win. The house is on the street if it is on a lot that abuts upon the street, and if there is no house between the latter and the house in question.

H. W. E., Baltimore.—The Garnella Brothers have frequently accomplished the feat of turning a double somersault from shoulder to shoulder.

QUIXOTIC, Cincinnati.—Refer to Brown & Barnes, dramatic agents, 854 Broadway, this city, for Col. Brown's Showman's Guide.

TWENTY-MILE RIDER, Cedar Rapids.—We have no knowledge of her whereabouts. A letter addressed to her in care of this office may elicit the information.

L. H., Bridgeport.—The abstract right to give the seller "out" at auction-pitch, either for money or for drinks, is unquestionable.

J. C., Jersey City.—A loses. His contract was that the J. C.'s would beat the O.'s in one inning, not simply tie them.

BELLE AIR.—1. If the lady offers you her hand it is proper to shake hands, otherwise a bow is sufficient. 2. It is never proper for a gentleman to take a lady's arm.

YOUNG ARTIST.—You can get most all of them at Fay's photograph store, on the easterly side of Broadway, above Fourth street.

W. S. S.—1. We have no data by which to answer the question, and would advise that you write to the Town Clerk for information. 2. SEE THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

DOMINOE.—B could be required to play his 4—0, and C to take his double-blank. C could not go dominoe because of irregular play, unless it was understood.

J. O. O., Salem.—1. It is optional with B to take the deal himself or make A deal again. 2. In that way the dealer may lose his deal.

C. G. F., Washington.—Cannot give you the address, but think "Publishers of *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Paris, France," would be sufficient.

TWO ORPHANS, New Orleans.—The following journals are published in Logansport, Ind.: *Evening News, Journal, Star, Chronicle, Pharos, Sunday Journal.*

J. R. P., Leechburg.—By getting some one in the different leading cities to call upon the agencies there of out-of-town factories.

W. B., Oil City.—1. A can win on a sure thing. 2. Whether he could win this particular bet or not depends upon exactly how it was made.

M. L., Ithaca.—If the three taken in by B were enough to give him twenty seven or more cards, and consequently three points for cards, he is out—not otherwise.

LE F., Jersey City.—The bet is a draw, the game having been mutually abandoned by both clubs.

EUGENE K., Shelbyville.—At vingt-un the dealer turns only his own cards face up.

D. R., Manistee.—It cannot be done. You had better apply to the Representative in Congress from your district.

J. MCA., Dubuque.—You are probably right. Not having been there, we cannot say positively.

ARCHIE D.—We have never seen two men dance on one pedestal.

W. J. C., Milwaukee.—He was in St. Louis, Mo., recently. A letter addressed in our care should reach him.

AN OLD READER, St. John.—Those are the only names we know them by.

L. S. S., Cohoes.—Bets like yours are not drawn. You lose.

UMPIRE, Troy.—If the game was called because of rain or darkness, you lose.

A. Y. B.—You can get them of the Goodyear Rubber Co., or of W. S. Sinclair, 49 Cortlandt street, this city.

A. B., London.—You can get them of Charles T. Chester, 104 Centre street, New York. Price, from $5 to $14.

H. H., Columbus.—We have no knowledge of the death of John Hamilton.

SAM SCOTT, Baltimore.—Lew Simmons a few weeks ago was performing with Moore & Burgess' Minstrels, London.

PROFESSIONAL INQUIRER, Cleveland.—We have a correspondent there.

P. J. G., New Haven.—No record of weights held out at arm's length.

WM. D., Syracuse.—A "bridge" at euchre is where one side has four to say, and the other but one.

W. B. J.—Barnum's Museum, Broadway and Ann street, was burned July 13, 1868.

ALEX. D. FOSTER, Wappinger's Falls.—The Irish team won the Echo Shield in 1873, 1875, 1877 and 1878.

ENQUIRER, Petersburg.—"One Hundred Selections" of what?

LEVANNA, Risley.—He need show only enough to justify him in having opened the p. t.

WARREN.—The bet is void in consequence of the two clubs having mutually abandoned the contest.

IGNORAMUS, Rondale.—You can get what you want of *The Ledger* Job office, Philadelphia.

A. G., Newark.—There are lots of such. "Richard III" has been played on the stage for a century.

JOHN WELCH.—It is for the manager of "The Happy Irish Pair."

RANGER.—We have repeatedly notified you that we do not require ads there.

P. B. POND, Meriden.—Ed. Searles' 13ft. 3½in. is the best recorded stand forward jump in America.

CRANE, Brooklyn.—It was the French horse Gladiateur, the English of which is Gladiator.

DECLINED.—"Modjeska as Camille," "The Poet's Consolation," "Meandering Through the Park."

WOK, Leominster.—A having ordered up, his partner could not call for A's best card and go alone.

E. J. G., Albany.—1. If you can mail them earlier, do so. 2. We do not wish detailed reports.

WASHINGTON'S MARKET.—John Hughes ran thirty miles without a stop at Central Park Garden April 21 last.

B. E., Baltimore.—See answer to "H W E., Baltimore."

R. C., Angola.—The non-dealer counts one for game.

LITTLE RHODY.—Forty-five cents for each insertion.

881-778.—For the page mentioned, thirty dollars.

G. L. C.—You lose the first, and win the second.

C. B.—It is optional with C to beg or to deal.

DEACON, Kendall Creek.—See reply to D. H.

M. AND W., Ansonia.—The bet is off.

F. H. R., Cincinnati.—Cannot say.

DANBURY, Ct.—Yes; cannel coal.

L., Downingstown.—About 6,000.

A. F. S., Muncie.—Out of print.

G. R., Hoboken.—See "F. B."

E. S.—Yes; aunt and niece.

W. ROBY.—1:39¾.

THE AMERICAN DRAMATIST.

From time to time efforts have been made towards the formation of a kind of protective society among play writers and translators. What appears to be needed by this class is not so much protection as substantial encouragement. They do not suffer very seriously from imitators or plagiarists. Indeed, imitations are always cheap, and not often successful. They are the last things in the world to be feared by men who have produced a really good thing—whether it be in literature, art or mechanics. If a man writes a meritorious play, and is fortunate enough to get it before the public, nobody can rob him of his honors. Should a dozen other pieces be produced, each of them catching its tone and color from the first, that would only add to the reputation of the original play. Among persons capable of passing anything like just criticism, imitations are easily detected and summarily condemned. So we repeat that it is not protection which our native dramatists most need.

If we are ever to have a literature of the drama in America, we must begin by offering some practical encouragement to American writers. To-day there is no field so unpromising to the man of letters as dramatic composition—restricting that phrase to actual acting pieces. Even poetry, which may be considered exceedingly undesirable property to dispose of, finds a ready sale when compared with plays. It may be said in all truth that the ranks of literature are overcrowded, and that even the smaller prizes are not to be won except by pluck and patience. In the case of playwriting, however, the exception must be thrown out. Here pluck and patience are of no sort of avail. A man may possibly work his way up the editorial ladder to a ten-thousand-dollar-a-year round. Possibly he may hit upon a successful novel, and thereby gain money and fame. Possibly he may attain distinction as an essayist, a humorist or historian. Possibly, even, he may find a publisher for his poems. But the moment he devotes his talents to playwriting he puts himself outside the pale of the possible, and joins the great army of competitors for a prize which does not exist. Take an every-day illustration. Here is an unknown dramatist with an unknown drama in his pocket. He goes to the most promising market which offers itself for his wares—to the manager's office. He is greeted politely, but when he makes known the object of his visit he is straightway informed that there is really no demand for new plays. The manager regrets this; regrets that the attractions for the coming season are already underscored; regrets that his pigeon-holes contain a score of original dramas awaiting production; regrets that he will not be able even to read the unknown author's manuscript. So the first market is closed, and the playwright turns from the manager to the star. Here the case is more hopeless than before. The star tells him that the public does not want a new play. People would be disappointed if he appeared in any other character than that which is inseparably linked with his name and fame. This shuts out the last chance for the unknown dramatist. Thenceforth he wanders about with the manuscript of his original play in his pocket, now reading choice extracts to appreciative friends, and now denouncing the stupidity of managers in turning from the pearl which he cast before them.

Does this picture seem an exaggeration? Ask anyone of your Bohemian friends who carries a manuscript play in his pocket—and they all do—if he has not suffered a similar experience. And yet original plays are sometimes brought out. Have we not had Joaquin Miller and Bret Harte and Mark Twain as dramatists? Verily, we have; but, if we except "The Danites," it must be confessed that these writers have not added much to the literature of the drama. Literary reputation acquired in other lines of writing may serve to launch a play, but not to keep it afloat. That fact was conclusively shown by the fate of "Two Men of Sandy Bar." Besides, it is not for the experiments of these who have already acquired fame that just opportunity should be provided. It is for the unknown dramatist, whose work would stand on its own merits could it once get a foothold. At present such opportunity is lacking. The editor who understands his art makes it a first principle to take a good thing from whatever source it comes, and to reject a bad thing, no matter whose name it bears. The theatrical manager would be the gainer by adopting a similar policy. For ourselves, we have faith enough to believe that plays of solid merit can be found among American writers. We have given to literature an Emerson, an Irving, and a Hawthorne; we have produced a Longfellow, a Bryant, a Whittier and a Poe; we have made long strides in every department of literature except the drama; and there, it must be admitted, we have shown ourselves lamentably weak. The cause, as it seems to us, lies in the simple fact that the stage offers no encouragement to the play-writer. It looks abroad for its attractions. It catches upon every foreign play which bears the stamp of popular approval. It resolutely refuses to draw its sustenance from native soil, and shuts its eyes to whatever lacks the prestige of success. A year or so ago THE CLIPPER suggested the plan of establishing a theatre in this city where only American plays should be produced, these to be selected solely on their merits and with the author's identity unknown. It was within the scope of that plan to produce new plays in rapid succession, limiting the run of each to a fortnight or less; also to pay a fair price for the pieces accepted, upon which payment all rights would thereafter accrue to the manager. It is still our belief that if this plan were carried out it would not only prove profitable to the manager, but would also do much towards bringing to the surface many excellent plays which at present stand but little chance of seeing gaslight.

If the proposed organization of American dramatists shall result in breaking down the almost insurmountable barriers which at present shut out the stage from the play-writer, then it need offer no excuse for its existence. We are told that the French are the most skillful of people in the construction of plays. Perhaps they are. But when New York shall offer the same encouragement to native dramatists which Paris does, we may discover that it is not necessary to go to France to find a D'Ennery or a Sardou.

HONESTY IN THE SPORTING WORLD.

At the recent meeting of the Utica Park Association it was openly charged that one of the races was trotted in the interests of the pool-box. Without stopping to inquire into the validity of this charge, it is interesting to note the effect which it produces upon the public mind. Every newspaper, in its report of the meeting, had something to say with regard to the necessity of preventing the recurrence of such an event. And it must be admitted that this question of honest effort is of vital importance to the sporting world. Singular as it may seem, there is no calling or profession wherein the taint of dishonesty is so speedily detected or so severely criticised. Savings-banks suspend through the knavery or stupidity of their officers; treasurers abscond with big sums of money; trusted agents prove to be rogues; and even ministers of the Gospel stumble not infrequently in treading the narrow way—and yet none of these things call forth such bitter denunciation as does a swindle on the turf. In fact, the moment the suspicion gets abroad that any contest of strength or skill is to be decided on some other basis than that of merit, then public interest in such contest wanes. A baseball player, for example, who is believed to have purposely "thrown" a game, finds it next to impossible to get a position in any respectable club. Jockeyism has done more to bring the turf into disrepute among some very excellent people than any other one thing; and even the decay of the prize-ring may be attributed largely to the chicanery of some of those who entered its boundaries. Fair play is said to be characteristic of the American people. Certain it is that fair play in all that concerns the sporting world is an essential without which there can be neither pleasure nor profit. To borrow the phraseology of the muscular gentry, a man must hit above the belt—and when he hits below, he may rest assured that the fact will be known, and that his standing will be fixed accordingly. It speaks something in favor of a class which has been subjected to a good deal of Pharisaic criticism that it invariably denounces fraud in its own ranks, and holds those guilty of questionable dealings to strict account. The world at large might learn some valuable lessons from the world of sport.

HAVING LEARNED that Wirt Sykes is preparing a book on "The Legends of Wales," "Our Jim" kindly volunteers the information that "Mr. Sykes can git a good many pints about whales in a book called 'Three Years Afore the Mast.'" The gentleman will no doubt feel under many obligations to James for the hint.

"BUCK, BUCK, how many horns?" is not a game for boys, but has reference to the number of glasses of beer a smart barkeeper can squeeze out of a keg of bock!

AN OBSERVING JOURNALIST remarks that more people are killed in this country by lightning than by railroad accident. "Jersey lightning" is probably what he refers to.

THE HEROISM OF THE PLAGUE.

The terrible ordeal through which the fever-stricken States of the South are passing has brought to the surface some traits of human nature pleasant to contemplate. It is common enough to deplore the selfishness of man—to sermonize upon the grasping, avaricious tendencies of the present day. It is less common, but more inspiring, to turn to the deeds which indicate a warm heart and generous nature. In all parts of the country the response made to the appeal for help from the fever-sufferers has been prompt and spontaneous. Forgetful of any old antagonism, the North has given freely of its abundance; and it will be strange indeed if this outpouring of sympathy does not go a great way towards extinguishing the smouldering embers of the sectional animosity. Greater than statesmanship is charity, for it makes the world kin.

Here in New York the contributions to the relief fund have been liberal in the extreme. The metropolis is not unfrequently called cold and selfish. Its people, we are told, are so taken up with the race for wealth that they find no time to look about them and see the wretchedness which cries out for succor. Perhaps to the stranger this view appears correct; and yet nothing could be more unjust. No city responds more quickly to the voice of distress than does New York. Always in times of great calamity she is expected to take the lead in charitable works. Rarely, if ever, does she fail in this duty. And it is not to be assumed that her offerings to the altar of charity come wholly from the rich—from that limited number whose names are known because of their fortunes. Take as an example the contributions made to the fever fund through the boxes in the streets. Under such a system the giver knows very well that his nickle or dime can never be traced back to him—that nobody will ever know whether he gives or not. He can buy none of the fame of charity—nothing except the consciousness of having done a good act. And yet with this incentive only, and chiefly by the poorer people of the city, a large sum has been contributed. Who shall say that the money was not deposited in a bank which pays a higher rate of interest than Wall street ever dreamed of? No; New York is not selfish. And closely allied to the generosity of the metropolis is that of the stage—a generosity catholic enough to embrace all causes deserving of charity. We remember, when the benefit performances were taking place for the Brooklyn Theatre sufferers, some Pecksniffian writer declared that it was only proper "for the play-actors to do what they could to relieve the families of the dead, inasmuch as there would have been no catastrophe had there been no theatre!" Well, when the blighting hand of the plague lay heavy upon the South, the "play-actors" did not stop to question whether they were responsible for the yellow-fever, but gave their services freely to the noble work of aiding the stricken ones. It is pleasant to find that in many places the Church itself co-operated with the Stage in the sacred cause of charity. It is only to be regretted that any narrow bigotry or mistaken sense of duty should have led to a mis understanding between persons engaged in a common cause.

While the spontaneous generosity of the whole country is something to be remembered and admired, the individual heroism of those who gave their time and skill to the care of the sick should not be forgotten. It is at such times as these, when the shadow of a great calamity hovers over a people, that the noblest as well as the worst traits of character come to the surface. The friend of yesterday is the enemy of to-day. The supreme desire for life breeds a heartless selfishness which changes the very nature of man. But, in contrast to this, the hour of great peril brings with it the opportunity for brave and noble deeds. It is the time that makes heroes. And heroes they were in those plague-stricken sections of the South—heroes who faced death uncomplainingly, who sought neither reward nor honor, but who drew the line of duty so high that it rose to the level of greatness. The world will never know the names of those who thus laid down their lives for others. Even the ones for whom the sacrifice was made, if they shall have survived, will forget the dead. Heroism, which knows no trumpet blast nor beat of drum, which wins no crown, and which is recorded in no history, must needs be short-lived. And yet it is this unrecognized and unrewarded heroism which gives grandeur to life. In Memphis, when the fever's deadly breath first smote the city, a man, a stranger, offered his services as a nurse. They were accepted, and he began his duties in the hospital. He was skillful, attentive, and unremitting in his care of the sufferers. It turned out later that this man had but recently been released from prison, where he had served out a sentence of ten years. Some of the physicians, upon learning this part of his history, regarded him a little suspiciously, and hinted that his attention to the sick was not without a questionable motive. They watched him sharply. Finally, from the funds sent by the North, he was paid for a month's service. It was enough to have taken him out of the fever-stricken country, had he chosen to go. He was seen to go out of the hospital on the day he received this money, and a colored policeman followed him. He hurried along the streets until he reached the post-office. There was a box into which contributions to the fever fund were deposited. The ex-convict dropped into this box every dollar he had received for his month's work, and then returned to his post at the hospital. Two or three days later he was missed from his accustomed place, and it was not until the next week that his body was found, along with that of an old negro, in a miserable shanty. He had gone to nurse this negro, who had been left to die alone, had been stricken himself with the fever, and so met his fate. There was none to offer so much as a cup of water to him who had tenderly cared for more than a hundred of the fever's victims. This man had spent ten years behind prison-bars. His crime is not told. Perhaps he was a thief, perhaps a forger, possibly a murderer. But, however black the blots upon his life's page, let it be said that his death wiped them out. If, living, he trod only the paths of sin, his death at least was divine—for he died for others.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

One of the old, familiar faces, of which gentle, pork-loving Charles Lamb has rhythmically written, dawned upon us the other day through the columns of a New Hampshire newspaper. To be sure, this face never appeared to us in any more materialized form than type, yet it has long been familiar. It belongs to that promising youth who is periodically discovered under a circus tent by his long-lost parents. Here in the New Hampshire paper we read that he ran away from home at the unripe age of ten years, joined a circus, and, after many, many months, came square upon his married sister, who recognized him, and fell weeping on his neck. Now, we have known that boy for full twenty years. He has been discovered under various circumstances and by different members of his family—but always under a circus tent—at least fifty times within our recollection. We submit that he ought to be considered familiar. He persists in furnishing material for newspaper articles, albeit we are as thoroughly acquainted with his story as we are with the quality of Orange County milk. Now that we have used that comparison, we may add that the story and the milk furnish about an equal amount of cream. Whenever we read of this boy, who invariably discovers his living relatives just as they are about to purchase a half-pint of peanuts from him, we are tempted to write him a congratulatory letter; and if we were a Member of Congress and the franking privilege were ours, we probably should. It is interesting to observe that, while the boy always runs away from home with the avowed purpose of becoming a "circus-actor," he always turns up in the character of a candy-butcher or prize-package vender. He is a peculiarly fortunate youth, and yet we cannot say that we pity him. In the first place, he should not run away from his home, and in the next place he should not join the circus. Above all, he should not have so many brothers and sisters and parents bent upon nipping him in the bud, so to speak, after he has fairly entered upon a career of usefulness. No, we don't pity the boy; but we do the unfortunate readers of the newspapers in which he makes his annual appearance.

IT IS called "crooked whiskey" because those who use it walk crooked.

ENGLISH OPINION OF AMERICAN ACTORS.

It would appear, from the orthodox interview to which one of our well-known actresses submitted recently upon her return from Europe, that there no longer exists any prejudice in England against American actors. Without questioning the honesty of the lady's convictions, we cannot but think that the truth or falsity of this assertion depends very largely upon who the actors happen to be. Still, it is an encouraging sign, and one that we hail with pleasure, to find that Americans are ready to bear testimony to the warmth of their greeting in England. Time was—and not so very long ago, either—when American art as well as literature excited little else than derision among English critics. It was this general contempt which led to the inquiry: "Who reads an American book?"—a conundrum which England herself has since answered by reprinting pretty nearly every successful volume that appears in this country. The mother-country has been slower even to recognize our theatrical efforts than she was the merits of our literature. A generation ago an American actor's appearance on the London stage was a bold experiment—if, indeed, he could get an opportunity to appear at all. Now, we are not diffident about entering a race for popularity against any number of English favorites. That venerable country has sent us a great many more actors than we have sent in return. Many of them have been excellent, and some—candor compels us to say it—have been execrable. To all, however, the good and the bad alike, we have accorded a kindly welcome, and judged them solely on their merits. It has sometimes occurred to us that our native-born actors were in every way equal to the imported star which we were called upon to admire; but we have held our peace, and applauded at the right time. For this reason it is pleasant to be assured that our considerate treatment of English artists is at last likely to be reciprocated, and that Americans may count upon a cordial reception on the London boards.

REDUCING THE RECORD.

With all the controversy that has grown out of the trotting of Rarus at Buffalo, it is well to keep in mind the essential fact that, whether the speedy gelding is fairly entitled to a record of 2:13¼ or not, his performance has demonstrated afresh the wonderful progress made by the American trotting-horse. The older readers of THE CLIPPER cannot have forgotten the enthusiasm which was awakened all over the country when, nineteen years ago, Flora Temple shaved off one and three-quarter seconds from the then fastest recorded time, reducing the figures to 2:19¾. That seemed an astonishing, as it was an unparalleled, performance in those days. Flora's fame compassed the earth, and for years she was the undisputed queen of the turf. But while she rested in seeming safety upon her laurels, other horses were training for even sharper work. In 1867 Dexter made his mile at Buffalo in 2:17½. Four years later Goldsmith Maid won a record of 2:17 at Milwaukee. This she gradually reduced until her famous heat in Boston brought the time down to 2:14. Meantime a score of horses had come to the surface fast enough to put the mature Flora Temple completely in the shade, and some to rob Dexter, who had been retired from the turf, of all his laurels. The Maid's record of 2:14 was looked upon by many as the limit of speed to be attained by any trotter. We never shared in that belief, for the simple reason that the Maid herself could have beaten it. Nobody who has kept himself tolerably informed as to trotting events can doubt that the little mare might have surpassed her own best time. Apart from that, however, it is seen that within the last twenty years the trotting-horse has worked down from 2:20 to 2:13¼; and when it is remembered that a record does not always show a racer's fastest time, this shaving-off of 6¾ seconds is to be taken as a most encouraging indication. It proves the possibilities in the way of breeding fast horses, and it knocks the bottom out of the predictions of chronic croakers, who profess to believe that the best of everything has already been accomplished.

WE CANNOT decide who has the best of it, the professor who labors with the skulls at college or the student who exhibits his efficiency with the sculls in the boat-race.

WE HAVE no patience with those parties who, after cutting a swell at Saratoga, want to borrow two dollars and a half the moment they strike New York.

THE EASIEST and cheapest way to deaden the noise made by passing trains on the elevated railway is to stuff cotton in your ears!

AN OLD FARMER who recently had a load of hay struck by the electric fluid and consumed says it's a quick way of *lightning* a load!

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BARKER, George W.—Born in New Hampshire in 1828. Originally a brakeman on one of the New England railroads, he became successively conductor, ticket-agent, depot-master, and master of transportation, and in 1871 was made superintendent of the New York Division of the New Jersey Railroad and Transportation Company. He was extremely popular among those he employed.—Jersey City, Sept. 26.

BOOLE, Mrs. W. H.—Wife of the Rev. W. H. Boole, formerly of this city. Killed by the boiler explosion on board the steamboat Adelphi. Charles W. Lord, husband of her sister, was scalded to death—near South Norwalk, Ct., Sept. 28.

BEITS, Elijah—Tobacco-dealer of North Wilton, Ct. Killed by the explosion of boiler explosion—near South Norwalk, Ct., Sept. 28.

BLOCHER, Crabtree—City register of Tuscumbia, Ala. Died, of yellow fever, Sept. 23.

BURSHAM, Dr. Robert—Physician of Columbus, O., and a volunteer in Memphis, Tenn.—there, of yellow fever. Sept. 24.

CHEEVES, Dr. Langdon A.—Volunteer physician from Savannah, Ga., to Memphis, Tenn.—there, Sept. 25, of yellow-fever.

CATRON, R. R.—Agent of the Associated Press in Memphis, Tenn.—there, Sept. 23, of yellow-fever.

CRAMER, Rev. Christian—Vicar of Captain Joseph B. Cranmer—Jersey City, N. J., Sept. 28, aged 66.

DUFFIE, Cornelia Roosevelt—Daughter of the Rev. Cornelius Roosevelt Duffie, D.D.—Litchfield, Ct., Sept. 25, aged 18.

ERDAN, Jacob—French Democrat, journalist, and author. Born in Paris, France, in 1826—there, recently.

ELTINGE, Richard—An old physician of Rondout, N. Y.—Scranton, Pa., Sept. 28, aged 83.

FENWICK, John—Secretary of the Southern Oil Works, Memphis, Tenn.—there, Sept. 24, of yellow-fever.

GILMARTIN, Felix—Postmaster at the National Cemetery, near Memphis, Tenn.—there, Sept. 24, of yellow-fever.

GIHON, John Lawrence—A photographer for many years in Philadelphia. Since 1874 he had been identified with photographic ventures in South America. Died at sea, while returning from Ciudad, Bolivia, to this city—Sept. 16, aged 52.

GALLAGHER, Major George A.—Shot himself through the head with intent to take his life, and lingered twenty eight days—Little Rock, Ark., Sept. 28.

GALTI, Carlo—Originator of the London cafes. He had begun business in that city in 1847, selling roasted chestnuts upon the street. Died while visiting his native village, in Switzerland, in September.

HOSMER, James B.—The oldest resident of Hartford, Ct. He lived for ninety-four years in the house in which he died—that city, Sept. 25, aged 97.

HAMILTON, James A.—Son of Alexander Hamilton, who was Secretary of the Treasury under President Washington. For about fifty years past he had resided at Irvington-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.—there, Sept. 21, aged 91.

HODGES, Col. Almon D.—President of the Washington National Bank of Boston, Mass., and formerly a merchant in Providence, R. I.—Portsmouth, R. I., Sept. 27.

HITCHCOCK, S. C.—A prominent citizen of Binghamton, N. Y. He was in times past a resident of Casenovia—Binghamton, N. Y., Sept. 27, aged 76.

HUNT, John—A wealthy politician, and the oldest Freemason in Sussex County, N. J., which he had represented in the State Legislature. Suicide—Fredon, N. J., about Sept. 24.

INGERSOLL, Sergt. William H.—Of the Ninth N. Y. Volunteers, having enlisted in 1861 as a member of Hawkins' Zouaves. He was quartermaster of Barbara Fritchie Post, G. A. R.—Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 27.

JACKSON, Rev. Dr.—Provost of Queen's College, Oxford, Eng., to which office he had succeeded in 1862—Penrith, Eng., Sept. 13.

KLUCKHOHN, K. K.—Clerk in the office of the First Controller of the Treasury, Washington, D. C. Suicide—Jersey Shore, Pa., Sept. 24.

KORTRIGHT, Judge Charles—Elected Chancellor by the National Greenback Party in August last—Memphis, Tenn., Sept. 23, of yellow-fever.

KENYON, Lætitia J. Adriance—Widow of Wm. B. Kenyon—Harlem, this city, Sept. 28, aged 90.

LAFLIN, Addison H.—From April 17, 1871, to Feb. 1, 1877, Naval Officer of this port. He represented the Twentieth District in our State Senate in 1856-9, and also in the House of Representatives during the Thirty-ninth, Fortieth and Forty-first Congresses. Born in Lee, Berkshire County, Mass., Oct. 24, 1823. Suicide while insane—Boston, Mass., Sept. 24.

LINDLEY, Dr. Newton A.—Formerly of Natal, South Africa. Contracted the yellow-fever in the South—Quarantine, N. Y., Sept. 28.

ALBANY.

	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Burns, 3d b.	4	0	1	2	0
Dunlap, 2d b	4	1	2	5	1
Hanlon, l. f.	4	0	0	0	0
Dobin, 1st b.	4	0	0	9	0
Quinton, c. f	4	2	3	1	0
Keenan, c.	4	0	0	8	4
Say, s. s.	4	0	0	3	0
Rocap, r. f.	4	0	0	3	0
Critchley, p.	3	0	0	0	0
Totals.	35	3	3	27	13

BUFFALO.

	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
McGeagin, c. f	3	0	1	2	1
Allen, 3d b.	4	0	1	1	0
Eggler, c. f.	4	0	0	2	0
Dolan, c.	4	0	9	11	1
Fulmer, 2d b	3	0	0	1	2
Libby, 1st b.	3	0	10	0	0

H Brown with 19, were the top scores, and these two men put on forty-six runs for the fall of the last wickets. Caldwell, George Newhall, Hopkinson and R. Newhall, with respective scores of 25, 23, 19 "not out," and 17, did the best batting for the Philadelphia Eleven, which is looked upon as the best batting team that could be selected, and in that respect they expect the admitted superiority of the Australians in bowling. The ground at Germantown, however, is different from the elastic mats of turf the Australians have been playing on in England, and their bowling may not "come off" with the same success.

AN ENJOYABLE MATCH was played at Germantown, Philadelphia, Sept. 25, between teams of veteran cricketers captained by A. Charles Barclay and W. R. Wister, the former's side winning on the first inning by a score of 168 to 101. Among the players were Gen. G. H. T. Collis, who nearly a quarter of a century ago, over the signature of "Felix," used to favor this journal with notes respecting cricket in the Quaker City.

AQUATIC.

THE SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.
Hanlan and Courtney's Great Match for Oct. 2.

Had a match been effected early in the season between Edward Hanlan and Charles E. Courtney, as was the desire of the latter, although it would have attracted much attention, it would not have excited a tithe of the interest at present manifested in the contest arranged for at the fag-end of a campaign during which the Canadian became possessed of the title of champion, and by his repeated victories proved himself a better man than many beside his immediate friends credited him with being. Where before Courtney's admirers outnumbered those who put their faith in Hanlan a hundred to one, now the latter has quite as many followers as the New-Yorker, and the odds that formerly would have went begging on Courtney have dwindled down to evens as the adherents of the Union Springs sculler have just as high an opinion of him as an oarsman as they ever entertained, it follows that Hanlan's achievements have compelled them to place a higher estimate upon his abilities—all of which points to a hotly-waged contest when the rivals of the Western hemisphere meet, and accounts for the intensity of the wide-spread interest manifested by the people of the States and Canadas in the match. Full of earnestness are the pens constantly being offered up in all parts of the land for good weather and water at Lachine on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 2, in which event the interesting problem upon the solution of which such a vast amount of money will change ownership will, accident aside, be settled, and we will know just who is at the top of the fruitful tree of professional sculling, and can then set about in a sensible way to prepare for an invasion of the enemy on the Thames and Tyne, and perhaps the more distant Parramatta, when the season of 1879 is nigh at hand.

Both principals to this important match have now been domiciled in the immediate neighborhood of the course for about two weeks (Hanlan longer than that), and are represented as being in excellent health and tip-top condition, although to secure the latter state of physique they have unfortunately found it necessary to devote considerably more than the customary share of attention to pedestrian and other exercise on terra-firma. This is in consequence of the high winds and resultant rough water which have prevailed shortly after day, admitting of practice on the course only at long intervals, whereas the men should have at least two pulls a day in their practice shells, especially on a course with the peculiarities of which neither can be familiar, never before, we believe, having propelled a boat upon it, and not having sufficient opportunity to thoroughly acquaint themselves with it since their arrival at Lachine. The champion has fared rather better in the matter of aquatic exercise than our representative, he having been enabled to get a bit of rowing almost every day by taking his shell under the lee of the islands adjacent to his quarters, while Courtney's first real row was had on the 25th, when he went over the course. Fortunately, a change for the better occurred during the latter part of the past week, there being on Sept. 27, 28, 29, an agreeable absence of the winds which for days previously had broken up the water after a most provoking fashion, and the lions of the place being able to indulge in regular exercise on the track where they are to row; and we may well suppose that after their enforced absence therefrom they availed themselves to the fullest extent of the opportunity thus presented to take the kinks out of their arms, etc., and gain useful knowledge regarding eddies, currents, and other things which oarsmen always like to find out as soon as possible. Both Courtney and Hanlan are quick to learn anything which is so nearly allied to their interests; and should they be favored with an extension of this kind of weather until the night of the 2d, there need be no fear that both will spoil to their stations prepared to row at least as well as they ever did in their lives, and that the many who will congregate to witness it will see a contest, such as probably never before occurred in any country since the art of rowing was first understood and practiced.

It is a generally accepted theory that the Canadian, from the fact of his having been brought up to the laborious occupation of a fisherman on Toronto Bay, which involves exposure to all sorts of weather and the use of the oar in all kinds of water, must have an advantage over a man who, like Courtney, has done about all his rowing on unexposed inland lakes, and is utterly unaccustomed to driving a shell-boat through rough water and such as is met with in a strong current, etc. On the other hand, it is argued that whatever advantage familiarity with rough water may give, Hanlan is more than counterbalanced by the extra power represented by the New-Yorker's seventy pounds excess of weight over his antagonist, which in a hard struggle over the first half of the distance, pulling against the current, should prove advantageous to the heavier man, and leave him more with which to complete the journey. Aside from all this, however, a man who is so perfect a master as Courtney of the science of sculling cannot be unable to make fair headway, certainly has not, when properly rigged, any cause to feel any misgivings upon this score; and we are pleased to see that the Union Springs expert, in a published interview with a newspaper correspondent, without boasting expresses himself quite capable of holding his man whatever may be the state of the water, and his determination is shown by the remark: "If the referee decides next Wednesday that the water is smooth enough for Hanlan's boat, it's going to be smooth enough for me." This will be pleasant reading for those who experienced the vexatious delay in getting off the Hanlan-Boyd race, indicating as it does that Courtney does not intend to offer unreasonable objections to the condition of the course, but will be satisfied with water that Sheriff Harding deems good enough for his adversary, who won't have a chance to offer him two boat-lengths of a start in order to get a race and end the suspense, as too champion did Ross. Of course, both men prefer and are anxious for smooth water; but we are convinced that neither will insist upon a postponement in order to secure it, provided the water is fairly good on the day fixed for the race; and there now seems a better prospect of a suitable track than there was a week ago. We regret to hear that for some days after Courtney's arrival at Lachine he was permitted to shift for himself to a great extent, and had to hire a boat and pay his own board for the privilege of training on the course; and there is now

A SARATOGA TRAGEDY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

His step was slow, his form was bent,
His voice was mild and meek;
He said: "I'd like a lower room,
For I am old and weak—
Thats them elevators; and he
Hugged himself with glee
When the clerk so grand gave the loud command:
"Show this person Number Three."

But his look of joy soon faded out
For one of the deepest pain,
As he climbed the apparently endless stairs
Again and yet again;
He gasped for breath, and longed for death
Ere his wearied form did stand
In a room five hundred feet above
The level of the land!

The bellboy fled as he saw his face,
And the ancient stranger cursed,
For his room was under the heated roof—
The numbers had been reversed.
Then down on his aged knee he dropped,
And an awful oath he swore
That he would compass a dire revenge
And revel in scenes of gore!

How ever he reached the office floor
Is a thing he long'll be;
But he carved that clerk in a dreadful way
Ere he chopped his form in two;
Then the travelling public rose en masse,
Knocking the stranger's case,
And he left that town of great renown
In a whirlwind of applause. E.

THE RED SEAL.

ADAPTED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY NICHOLAS NILES.

[NOTE.—The incident of this fragmentary sketch is found in one of De Vigny's stories. Although it is not a mere translation from the French, the writer disclaims any other credit than rightfully belongs to the adapter.—N. N.]

When the brig-of-war Marat sailed for Cayenne, on the 28th of September, 1797, it carried, along with the sixty soldiers doomed to exile, a handsome young fellow who had never worn a uniform. That, you know, was when the French Revolution had given birth to the Directory—a tribunal which held life as a plaything and signed death warrants by way of recreation.

All the world has forgotten this handsome young fellow who sailed on the Marat, but we will pluck him from oblivion and call him La Fevre. What had La Fevre done that he should be sentenced to transportation for life? In his frank, manly face there was no hint of the criminal. In his clear, hazel eye one saw honor and courage and truth.

"He has committed no crime," thought the captain of the Marat. "And as for spending his life in Cayenne—I would spend mine there if I could have a wife like his!"

Many another of the rough prisoners on board the vessel entertained this thought, looking upon the beautiful creature who clung to La Fevre's arm. She was superbly beautiful. A mere girl in years—she was but eighteen—her form displayed the rounded fullness of perfect womanhood. A sculptor would have raved over the contour of her bust—over the glorious proportion of her limbs. A painter would have found a model in her face, with its low, white brow, its dark, liquid eyes, its delicate chin and luscious lips. There was neither sculptor nor painter on board the Marat, and yet they all admired her, and, in spite of his doom, envied La Fevre. The love which she bore her husband was shown in her resolve to accompany him in his exile. They had been married but three months when the Directory laid its hands upon this young fellow. The Directory could send him to Cayenne, but the Directory could not rob him of his wife. With him, she was happy. With her, Cayenne might be Paradise.

The captain of the Marat had received orders to treat La Fevre with especial kindness. That his ease was in some way extraordinary was indicated by the fact that the first letter from the Directory, in which this recommendation to kindness was contained, inclosed a second missive sealed with a red seal of unusual size. The captain was forbidden to open this second letter before reaching the first degree of north latitude and the twenty-seventh of longitude—that is, when about crossing the line. Now, all sailors are given, more or less, to superstition, and the captain of the Marat regarded this mysterious letter, with its big, red seal, a little suspiciously. For twenty years he had been tossed about the sea, like its foam. He had learned wisdom in many things, but he had not grown wise enough to rid his mind of its own credulity. That is why he put the letter with the red seal behind the clock in his cabin. He did not like to look at it.

For a month the Marat sailed on under clear skies and with prosperous winds. The gray-haired captain had come to take a deep interest in La Fevre and his wife. He entertained them almost daily at his own table. He never showed the slightest curiosity to know for what reason La Fevre had been sentenced. It was enough for the bronze-faced, tender-hearted old officer that his young friends—for he looked upon them as friends, and not as prisoners—were happy. And they were happy. The seclusion of the Marat, while it drove them away from fair France, left the sunshine of love in their hearts—and that sunshine can illumine the dreariest spots on earth.

One day La Fevre entered the captain's cabin and caught sight of the letter with the red seal. It had been removed from behind the clock and placed under the glass—perhaps in order that the captain should not forget to open it at the proper time.

"That is an impressive-looking document," said La Fevre, pointing towards the sealed letter.

The captain turned a trifle pale. He always did sneer at the thought of that letter. But he answered lightly enough:

"Oh, it is nothing—nothing but some official orders to be carried out by-and-bye."

Here La Fevre's wife entered. Her eyes, too, rested upon the letter.

"What a horrible-looking seal!" she exclaimed. "It makes me think of blood!"

La Fevre laughed and drew his wife to his breast.

"Why of blood, my darling? To me it looks more like a rose."

"Yes," interposed the captain, "like a rose!"

But the young wife shuddered so that La Fevre led her from the cabin. When they had gone the captain sat for many minutes in silence gazing at the letter. The great red seal seemed to grow until it covered all the paper. It glared like an evil eye. It was blood, indeed. At last the captain arose and put it out of sight.

That night he paced the deck in thoughtful mood. It was a perfect tropical night. The moon, rising out of the sea, seemed large as the sun. Afar off the waves glistened like molten silver. The Marat cut through the waters, wind astern, ten knots with ease. As the captain paced the deck, a faint light streaming up from the cabin below attracted his attention. This was against the rules of the ship; but, before ordering the light to be extinguished, the captain leaned over so that he could see through the skylight. There, in the little cabin, were La Fevre and his wife. Her head was resting upon his breast, and he was pouring loving words into her ear.

"My only regret, darling," he said, "is for you. I can be as happy in Cayenne as in Paris, with you at my side. But I dread the hard life which awaits you. I should not have permitted you to come. It was selfish!"

"Selfish!" she answered sweetly. "Would you have had your wife desert you? What happiness, then, would there have been for me? My place is by your side. With you I shall live—without you I shall die!"

He kissed her tenderly as he replied:

"We will hope for the best."

"Yes," she answered joyfully; "and you are so good and true and brave I am sure the Government will keep you in exile only a little while. And the dear old captain is so kind—"

"Hello, there!" came a voice. "All lights out, you know!"

Instantly the light was extinguished, while a silvery peal of laughter was wafted to the deck.

"They are happy enough to laugh," muttered the captain. "May God keep them so!"

That night, before retiring, he took out the letter and looked at it again. This time the seal seemed to be the color of rose, not of blood.

The days passed quickly, even merrily, with La Fevre and his wife. The captain grew more and more attached to the young exiles, and for that reason perhaps dreaded more and more to open the letter. But the time came at last. One bright morning he awoke to find the ship lying almost motionless. The sea was a dead calm, as smooth as oil. The open sails hung down, glued to the masts like so many blankets. The Marat had entered the first degree of north latitude and the twenty-seventh of longitude. It was time to read the letter. Yet even then the captain waited until night. Why he waited he could not have told. At last, going down into his cabin, he took out the letter and broke the great seal with trembling fingers. When he had read it he rubbed his eyes, thinking they must have deceived him.

He read it over again from the beginning to the end. He read it through. He read it all over again and again. He began at the last line and went up to the first. He could not believe it. Finally he folded it mechanically and put it in his pocket. That night the captain did not sleep.

When the great sun came up, red with splendor, the next morning, La Fevre and his wife found the captain pacing the deck. He gazed at them earnestly as they approached him. Never had Laurette seemed more beautiful. Never had La Fevre looked more brave and manly.

"Why, captain, you are ill!"

"No," he answered. But his face was ashen pale, his eyes were sunken, and his hand trembled. "I have kept the officer of the watch company, that is all."

They breakfasted together. La Fevre was in high spirits. He jested about his sentence. He ridiculed the Directory, and declared that exile under such a captain and with such a wife was to be preferred to life in Paris. Laurette joined in his merriment, and the music of her laugh filled the cabin. But the captain did not laugh.

When the meal was finished La Fevre went on deck, and there the captain joined him. The latter lit his pipe, and walked up and down, listening to the young man's rollicking talk. At last he said, with assumed carelessness:

"Come, now, La Fevre, tell me something of your history. What did you do to those five hounds of lawyers—to the Directory? They seem to owe you a heavy grudge. What is your crime, my boy?"

La Fevre laughed as he replied:

"Oh, it's a very small matter, captain. Three satirical verses upon the august body, that's all!"

"That all!" repeated the captain in amazement.

"That is all, I assure you; and the verses were not even good ones. Yet I was arrested, tried and convicted, all within forty-eight hours. I was first sentenced to death, then through clemency to transportation!"

The captain was silent. Finally he said abruptly:

"I have opened the letter with the red seal!"

"Yes," said La Fevre lightly. "And what does it contain?"

"*It orders me to shoot you!*"

La Fevre looked straight into the captain's eyes. He did not turn pale, he did not tremble. He even smiled in a manly, quiet way. Then he looked back over his shoulder to where his wife was sitting and wiped his forehead, to which stood big drops of sweat. There were other drops on the captain's brow, and still others in his eyes. But he continued:

"The letter which I was ordered not to open until I had reached this point contains orders from the Directors. It seems that they did not wish to do your business on shore, the scoundrels! They thought that at sea it would not be so much noticed. It's of no use that you are a fine, brave fellow—those dogs have doomed you to die! It's nothing that I have come to love you as a son—I must shoot you. But it's hard, it's very hard."

The captain puffed vigorously on his pipe, and a tear trickled down the bronze cheek.

"I can't escape from it," he continued, almost savagely. "The sentence of death is there complete. The order for the execution is signed and sealed. There's nothing omitted."

"I ask for nothing, captain," said La Fevre, speaking firmly and composedly. "I understand your duty, and I would not have you fail in its performance. I would only like to speak a moment to Laurette, and to entreat you to return her to France after I am gone."

"You need not ask that," was the reply. "I am your executioner because the law makes me such; but I am not a brute."

La Fevre, without another word, shook the captain's hand and hurried to the side of Laurette. He told her nothing. He did not even bid her farewell. But he spent the day at her side, and poured out the wealth of his love upon her, and hid his own terrible grief under the mantle of true courage.

Once only he spoke to the captain.

"When is it to be?" he asked.

"To-night!" was the brief reply.

Night came on suddenly. Its blackness fell upon the Marat like a pall. It hid the great tears that trickled down the captain's cheeks as he called the officers together and said:

"We are no longer sailors, but executioners. Lower a boat, put that girl into it, and keep rowing off until you hear the report of firing—then return—then return!"

With terrible rapidity this order was obeyed. Laurette was seized and placed in the boat before she could even cry out for help. Meantime La Fevre was put in the catheads. The sailors in the boat rowed straight ahead of the brig. The captain had counted on the night to hide the deed, but he had not thought of the flash a dozen muskets would make fired at once. So, when the signal was given, Laurette, standing erect, with outstretched arms, saw her husband fall into the dark waters pierced by half a score of bullets.

The sailors who were in the boat declared that at the moment of the fire she raised her hand to her forehead and then sank down prostrate. She did not cry out, she did not faint. But when they would have lifted her up, behold, she was dead!

And so these two, the man and the wife, escaped exile together.

PIONEER CRICKETERS IN AMERICA.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. THOMAS PICTON.

Forty years ago there was but a solitary cricket club in this city, if not within the entire United States, and that was in a peculiar degree a proscriptive association, legitimately to be considered a popular appendage to the wealthy and exclusive St. George's Society, possessing few attractions for membership on the part of Americans, and no sympathy with the general mass of the community. The St. George's Cricket Club had been organized with the sole view of perpetuating a purely national English game in a foreign land by the children of Albion therein temporarily resident, as its distinctive title indicated. In fact, it was an essentially selfish organization, designed to combine amusement with sociability upon a more extended basis than was permissible by the rules of decorum governing its parent association. Into the banqueting-hall consecrated to the annual festivities of their patron saint no son of "Merry England" could anticipate admission unless belonging to that wealthy and influential class of importers and traders arrogating to themselves exclusive representation of their gracious Queen's majesty and dignity. Upon the cricket-field the case was materially different, as the game afforded a convenient excuse for partially demolishing social barriers, and for promoting a friendly reunion of Britons of every stripe—mechanics, small traders and artizans—provided they could scientifically wield the willow or deliver a true ball. However, of this latter class the St. George's Club could boast few representatives until an experience of successive defeats warned recruitment from the ranks of Englishmen of a minor social degree; and even then their saviors were ungratefully stigmatized as "The Field."

The St. George's Club first came into general public notice, and our community became aware of the existence of the unusual game among us, through the occurrence of a series of matches between our Anglo-American players and those of Toronto, Canada. Not that there could not be found in this country native Americans proficient in play in the Anglican game, inasmuch as there were many who, educated at Eton and other English schools, had acquired a skillful use of bat and ball as an adjunct to sound intellectual training, but, unfortunately for our national reputation, they were men advanced beyond middle-life, who, not having stood before wickets for years, would be unable to defend them against assaults of younger and continuously-practicing men.

The patriarch of American-born cricketers at that time was Judge Church of Elmira, in this State, who, from having been a half century before a champion bat at Harrow, at which English school he had received his precollegiate education, entertained so thorough an admiration for the pastime that it was his custom, when past his seventieth year, to desert temporarily his country home for the purpose not only of attending matches in this vicinity, but of frequently taking a hand in a practice-game, during the course of which the venerable veteran oftentimes astounded apprentice muffs by sending balls boldly to the long field or dexterously slapping them for runs from off the bat. As evidence of the fascination of the game, it is related that the worthy Judge, traveling over the Long Island Railroad, and the train halting momentarily at Bedford, where a game chanced to be in progress, jumped from the cars, hurried to the field, and did not resume his journey until after witnessing the fall of the last wicket, an event not occurring until the afternoon of the succeeding day.

Although the Canadian matches proved expensive and barren victories, generally accompanied by bickerings and bad feeling, they served not only to confer coveted importance upon the "Dra-con-sid-ious" Club, but to arouse a spirit of emulation in the residents of this vicinity, the result of which was to afford them an opportunity of displaying their skill without going beyond our national boundaries. So little interest did the general public feel in these Canada matches that, although admission to the grounds was free, a congregation of less than five hundred spectators alone honored the last return game in this city with their presence. Quite a different spectacle was presented upon the occasion of the opening game of the same match, played in Toronto, when not only the entire population of that handsome city, male and female, turned out to witness the play, but excursion steamers brought hundreds of additional sight-seers from surrounding districts, while the fine military band of the garrison voluntarily discoursed sweet music to enliven the animated scene.

The grounds of the St. George's Club, forty years ago, occupied a good-sized track of land, situated upon Bloomingdale road, in the vicinity of the House of Refuge, which reformatory institution, had it not succumbed to the march of improvement, could nowadays be found at the junction of Broadway and the Fifth avenue. The entrance to the cricket-field was guarded by a roadside inn of small dimensions, kept by one Ralph Burroughs, who benefited his employment as the publican with operating as a market-gardener, and was famous for the cultivation of asparagus and celery—articles bestowing an unwonted zest upon dinners, the ordinary trophies in cricket matches. Ralph's house occupied the present site of the Grand Hotel; and as his lovely daughter was an exemplary type of the traditional English barmaid, the sons of St. George could have found no more congenial abiding-place, until the opening of the Fifth avenue severed their cricket-field in twain, and sent the club to the shelter of the Red House, Louis Rogers' sporting tavern, east of what is now Seventh avenue, then more famous for the possession of a private racing track largely patronized by owners of trotting stock.

The prominent feature of the St. George's Club for many ears was its captain and wicket-keeper—a ponderous individual, with unexampled activity, whose agility upon field-days and dexterity in handling the ball were the admiration of his associates, over whom he exercised an influence proportionate to his individual weight. But to outsiders, unversed in the niceties of wicket-keeping, the burly and by no means graceful form of Mr. Tinson was rather an object of ridicule than of admiration, particularly as he issued his mandates and gave his orders to the field with a verbosity and pomposity in striking imitation of a Bombastes Furioso. Nevertheless Mr. Tinson was an energetic organizer and indefatigable director, justly considered the father of cricket in America. To the professional player, Sam Wright, an excellent straight, reliable bowler and superior fielder—in fact, the trainer of the club—was entrusted the charge of the grounds, a task he performed with scrupulous zealousness, so much so that it was to his energy and precaution that the club was indebted for many advantages in matches played upon its own domain. Wright had originally been in his native country a first-class cricketer; but age had told upon him when assuming direction of the St. George's, and the humility of his position counteracted an ambition to distinguish himself to the prejudice of aspiring patrons.

The chief straight bowler of the club was a gentleman named Syme, a wholesale druggist, whose balls were delivered with a graceful ease and unerring accuracy which, although not certain of taking wickets, were tolerably certain to be productive of many maiden overs, as few batsmen ventured defiance of them. But the star bowler, upon whom the club prided itself and placed unbounded reliance, was Henry Groom, a man of remarkable strength and consummate nerve—the first, and, until the advent of the celebrated Cuyp of the New York Club, the only round-arm bowler in America. Rarely delivering a wide ball, and never a foul, Groom possessed a singular knack of bestowing upon his ball a deceptive twist, so that, upon touching the ground at a distance outside the crease, it turned into the wicket with fatal accuracy, if delivered at a correct length. To the indefatigable energy and excellent judgment of Groom, who rarely tired and never desponded, St. George's was mainly indebted for its triumphs over Canada.

The eldest and most enthusiastic member of the club at that time was Thomas Dodworth, the founder of then famous Dodworth's Band, in the main composed of his own children, all superior musicians. Even then advanced in years, Mr. Dodworth was a good cricketer in every department, although failing eyesight precluded the possibility of his taking part in matches, as was his ordinary desire. The old gentleman entertained an expectation of seeing his son Harvey his rival in the cricket field, and for that purpose inducted him into the mysteries of the game, but, Groom once having landed upon the neophyte's knuckles, he concluded that playing at cricket and upon the cornet-a-piston were inharmonious occupations. Another veteran among the veterans was William Russell, who had previously been one of the royal gardeners at Kew, and consequently came from an English county noted for its production of cricketers. For some reason Russell was unpopular with the St. George's men, although decidedly one of the most scientific and reliable men of the lot, as well as an extraordinary bat, having made 106 runs and not out in a match against New York at Hoboken during the earlier days of that subsequently distinguished club's existence.

The life and soul of the St. George's eleven was, however, John Warrin, formerly the well-known needle manufacturer of Redditch, England, to whom was assigned the position of long-stop, the duties of which he discharged with an agility facetiously assimulated by his delighted colleagues to that of a cat, but which rarely failed to decrease their adversaries' score and to contribute a fallen wicket to their own, should a striker be found incautious enough to venture upon stealing a bye. A change-bowler could be found in the person of a Mr. Wilde, a nervous, testy individual, who assumed the ball as a last resource, in the hope that one of his "shooters," delivered along the ground dead upon wicket, might penetrate the guard of some persistent batsman "blocking" the heart out of Wright or Groom. The heavy hitter of the club was Bailey, a stout, thick-set gentleman, more popularly known as "The Pocket Hercules," remarkable for wearing a flowing black beard at a period when shaven chins were an imperative article in mercantile faith. Mr. Bailey had attained considerable social notoriety through his marriage with Miss Watson, then a vocal star of an overweening magnitude, though afterwards a stock actress at Mitchell's Olympic.

Among the other players of repute were Chas. Vinton, the well-known printer of Nassau street—a good bat, and likewise a neat and effective fielder; Flindaugh, the fashionable tailor of the Astors, regarded as the Beau Nash of his day, and the handsomest member of the club; Robert Walter, aspiring to succeed to Tinson's captaincy; Robert Bage, president of an insurance company; and William Jackson, then a Broadway publisher of note.

Although the above-named gentlemen were the best-known members of the club, by reason of their being engaged in public matches, the Association boasted of numerous persons of wealth and reputation, who occupied a high position in the commercial world, and were ever ready to contribute liberally towards the sustenance of a position identified with memory of the land they had left behind them. Prominent among these contributing members were Henry Jessup, the John-street iron-merchant; John Taylor and John Spawforth, the extensive woolen-goods importers; Cuthbertson, the wine-merchant; and George W. Taylor, junior of the then recently established firm of Lord & Taylor. Confident that the men of St. George would never succeed in acclimating, much less popularizing, the game in America, a knot of its admirers, during course of a match played in the mid-season of 1840, resolved upon organizing a rival club upon a totally different and a more liberal basis, aiming particularly to abolish the invidious distinction between club-members and "the field." A meeting was held the same evening at the office of the old *Spirit of the Times*, in Barclay street, the upshot being the creation of the New York Cricket Club, designed to be an intrinsically American association, no foreign-born applicant being admitted unless previously naturalized, while, indeed, all distinctions as to the wealth or poverty of the players were happily avoided, especially as the club resolved to give no formal dinners, suppers or other entertainments, the cost of necessary refreshments being defrayed through "passing around the hat."

The first president of the club was Mr. Peter T. Porter, whose name proved a tower of strength, as it attracted a large number of distinguished members, who, if they could not play, were delighted to pay, and in this way contributed to the honor of the Association. Mr. John Richards, generally known as "The Governor," to whom the club owed its origin, was elected vice-president, with the additional dignity of treasurer, offices he held until the hour of his death, over fifteen years thereafter, the last position being an expensive sinecure, inasmuch as the treasurer made an inflexible rule to keep no books, and the club was never known to be in debt for a cent.

Unable to obtain a ground upon this island, the New Yorkers were compelled to turn their attention to Hoboken, where they first commenced practice on the Elysian Fields; but subsequently, upon making application for a suitable domain to the late Edwin A. Stevens, he entered into the scheme of Americanizing cricket with such spirit as to cause a portion of the disused race-track back of his mansion on Castle Point to be properly laid out as a cricket-field at his individual expense, charging therefor an annual rental of fifty dollars, which, however, carried with it a free passage across the ferry for each member whenever choosing to avail himself of the privilege. Upon the opening day of its first season the New York Club mustered more than one hundred members, a majority native-born Americans—crude material, it was true, but subsequently developed into stock able to beat the St. George's—and a goodly number of young and athletic English cricketers, only requiring practice to regain their dormant strength. Their first act was to arrange with the St. George's an annual challenge match, which was steadfastly adhered to until the dissolution of the New York Club, their place having been virtually resigned to the Young America of Philadelphia, a sister association, modeled upon a somewhat similar principle and designed for an identical end. For seven years the New York struggled against defeat, but then a radical change came over their fortunes, for, having produced such men as Cuyp, Marsh, Dr. Sutton, Sams, Sharp, Higham, Sawyer and other notables, they gained the vantage over their rivals, and held it for seven retributive years.

A TIGER FIGHT.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

A man entered the arena of the Rajah of Coorg, armed only with a Coorg knife, and clothed in short trowsers, which barely covered his hips and extended halfway down his thighs. The instrument which he wielded in his right hand was a heavy blade, something like the coulter of a plough, about two feet long and fully three inches wide, gradually diminishing towards the handle, with which it formed a right-angle. This knife is used with great dexterity by the Coorgs, being swung around in the hand before the blow is inflicted, and then brought into contact with the object to be struck with a force and effect truly astonishing.

The champion who now presented himself before the Rajah was about to be opposed to a tiger, which he volunteered to encounter almost naked, and armed only with the weapon I have described. He was rather tall, with a slight figure, but his chest was deep, his arms were long and muscular. His legs were thin, yet the action of the muscles was perceptible with every movement, whilst the whole of his skin, and his fine form contortions he performed preparatory to the arduous enterprise in which he was about to engage, showed that he possessed uncommon activity, combined with an ordinary degree of strength. The expression of his countenance was absolutely sublime when he gave the signal for the tiger to be let loose; it was the very concentration of moral energy—the index of a high and settled resolution. His body glistened with the oil which had been rubbed over him to increase the elasticity of his limbs. He raised his arm for several moments above his head when he made the motion to admit his enemy. The bars of a large cage were then lifted, and the shouting of the royal tiger sprang forward with an elastic bound, and stood before the Coorg, waving his tail slowly and uttering a suppressed howl. The animal first looked at the man, then at the gallery where the Rajah and his court were seated to see the sports, but did not appear at all eager to fall upon its enemy. In a state of ferocity it was evidently confounded at the novelty of its position. After a short survey it turned suddenly round and bounded into its cage, from which the keepers, who stood above, beyond the reach of mischief, tried to force it, but in vain. The bars were then dropped, and several crackers fastened to its tail, which, projected through one of the intervals. A lighted match was put into the hand of the Coorg: the bars were again raised and the crackers ignited.

The tiger now darted into the arena with a terrific yell, and, while the crackers were exploding, it leaped, turned and writhed, as if in a state of frantic excitement, for its length was equal to a cornet, snarling as a cat does when alarmed. Meanwhile its retreat had been cut off by securing the cage. During the explosion of the crackers the Coorg stood watching the enemy, and at length advanced towards it with a slow but firm step. The tiger roused itself and retreated, the Coorg pursued, his arm raised, and his body nearly dilated to twice the usual size. It was not at all disposed to commence hostilities, but its resolute foe was not to be evaded.

Fixing his eyes intently upon the deadly creature, he advanced with the same measured step. The tiger raised itself to its full height, curved its back, seemed to meet engagement for a moment, and lashed its tail, evidently meditating mischief. The man continued to retire; and, as soon as he was at so great a distance that the fixed expression of his eye was no longer distinguishable, the ferocious brute made a sudden bound forward, crouched and sprang with a short, sharp growl. Its ferocity was now properly aroused, for it came actively on one side, and, as the tiger reached the ground, swung round his heavy knife and brought it with irresistible force upon the animal's hind-leg, just above the joint. The bone was instantly severed, and the tiger effectually prevented from making a second spring. The wounded beast roared; but, turning suddenly to the Coorg, who had by this time retreated several yards, advanced fiercely upon him, its wounded leg hanging loosely in the skin, showing that it was broken.

The tiger, excited now to a pitch of reckless rage, rushed forward upon its three legs towards its adversary, who stood with his heavy knife upraised, calmly awaiting the encounter. As soon as the savage creature was within his reach, he brought down the ponderous weapon upon its head with a force which nothing could resist, laid open the skull from ear to ear, and the vanquished foe fell dead at his feet. He then coolly wiped the knife on the animal's hide, made a dignified bow to the Rajah, and retired amid the loud acclamations of the spectators.

The Rajah informed us that this man had killed several tigers in a similar manner, and that, although upon one or two similar occasions he had been severely scratched, he had never been seriously wounded. The Coorgs, moreover, are known to exhibit this terrible animal in the jungles with their heavy, sharp knives, with almost unfailing success. Upon the present occasion nothing could exceed the cool, cautious and calculating precision with which the resolute Hindoo went through this dangerous performance.

WILDCAT SHARES.—Among mining shares which suddenly went up in the markets of the far Western country a few weeks ago was Wildcat. Among the poor men in Virginia City several months earlier who owned a certain saloon-keeper bills for whiskey which they could not pay was one whose total worldly possessions amounted to a few shares of Wildcat, in which nobody then dealt at all; it was quoted, however, at 20 cents. The poor debtor, after many pressing requests for money, at last offered to part with his shares, which were accepted and the debt was canceled. The saloon-keeper then gave them to his wife, telling her to keep them to light the fire with. A few months passed and Wildcat was worth $2 a share, but the wife could not tell where she had put her husband's gift. She searched her trunk, her closets, and her bureau-drawers in vain. Meanwhile the stock advanced to $5, then to $6. It was nearing $7, when the husband one day saw his little boy on the floor, scissors in hand, cutting pictures out of the long-sought certificates. The next day he sold the shares at a gain over the whiskey bill of more than $4,000.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BURNT-CORK REVELS.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO NASH BROWNE, BY JUDD BERTON.

TAMBO leaning his head on his hand, meditating.

INTERLOCUTOR.—Tambo, in what æsthetic garden of thought does your mind now wander?

TAMBO.—Eh?

INT.—You were meditating; and, while gazing on your mobile face, I was forcibly reminded of a painting I once saw, representing ——

BONES (interrupting).—The Russian bear driving the Hungry-uns from Turkey.

TAMBO.—There you go, *rushin'* your nose where your mouth should come.

BONES (to the audience).—Were he a *Turk*, he would *gobble* it in.

INT.—*Bear* with me, gentlemen (reprovingly to Bones); and it would better become you, sir, not to *strud* your unsolicited wit before us at such an unseasonable juncture.

BONES.—All right; I'll *set* still and do *eggs*actly as you say.

INT.—Very well. Now, Tambo, I will repeat my question: What were you meditating upon?

TAMBO.—I was wondering, Mr. Johnsing, whether I could better my fortune by going to Paris and there acting as a guide and interpreter during the Exposition.

INT.—Interpreter! Can you speak French?

TAMBO.—Yes, sir; and, if a legend of our family be true, I am distantly connected with the noblest patricians of mabelle France.

INT.—Indeed! I pray you explain yourself.

TAMBO.—Well, you see, Adam and Eve are said to ——

INT.—Go no further. I have my doubts as to your speaking French at all.

TAMBO.—You have? Listen: *Avez vous je ne petit morceau, Monsieur Gordong?*

INT.—What under the heavens is that?

BONES.—I can translate that, Mr. Johnsing.

OMNES.—You!

BONES.—Yes, listen: Have you twenty-five cents about your old clothes, Mr. Gordon?—I'm starving.

TAMBO (excited).—That's wrong.

BONES.—Then you were sparring for a chew of tobacco.

TAMBO.—That is a *straight cut* to my heart.

BONES.—That's a *fine cut* for a chew of tobacco to make.

TAMBO (fiercely).—See here, I'll *plug* you on the *sunny side* of that big mouth of yours if you don't come to *anchor*.

BONES.—Impossible to anchor, mer son—the cable is *twisted*; anyhow, I won't quit until I *choose*.

INT.—Gentlemen, I command you to desist. Tambo, I cannot speak French; and it may be a *solace* to your mind to know that Bones is as ignorant on that score as I am; and if he is not a *knave* he surely acts the character to *perfection*. I will say to you, Bones, that you will, on account of your *waggery*, *fair* but poorly so long as that vanity instigates you to perpetrate such eminently outrageous jokes as those you have been flooding us with. Signor Tenori will now ——

TAMBO.—No! no! I will translate that passage.

INT.—Very well; proceed.

TAMBO.—*Avez vous je ne petit morceau, Monsieur Gordong?* means: Have you procured your cleansed apparel from the Chinese cleansing factory? If not

BONES (groans).—Shades of Napoleon, defend us!

INT. (imperatively).—That will do, gentlemen; we have had a surfeit of talking. Signor Tenori will now melodize

THE CHINESE LAUNDRY.

BY JUDD BERTON.

TO MY FRIEND HARVEY N. SLOPER OF OAKLAND, CAL.,

I wonder if in all this world
There's another man like me,
Who couldn't get his washing
From a Chinese laundry.
I lost my check, but on my clothes
My name was marked quite plain;
But that head-mark and they're not mine—
He wanted "checkee aller same."

Spoken.—At last, when he saw I was getting angry, he turned to a heathen who was sprinkling water all over a shirt, and said:

Chorus.—Manaki kiti fung eeow m! som, Singon mihon sow leon sang fum. (*Repeat.*)
I couldn't understand a word;
"No sabe," was the reply.
And at last I grabbed him by the cue
And struck him in the eye;

Chorus.—Manaki kiti, etc.

A cop came in and marched me off—
The Judge said: "Twenty dollars fine."
And when out in the cell-room I was marched
I could hear that Coolie rhyme:

Chorus.—Manaki kiti, etc.

The lesson you may draw from this
Is quite evident, I'm sure—
To patronize the heathen fraud
Is a policy that's poor.
If you lose your check, your clothes go too,
And you'll find 'twill better pay
To patronize the working-girl,
For you'll never hear her say:

Chorus.—Manaki kiti, etc.

ONE OF THE PUZZLING SUCCESSES.

The theatre is not generally held to be a place for profound study except for the part of the actors, who rest on it to go be amused, or thrilled, or edified, or exhilarated, or electrified, or liquified, or magnified, or anything, in short, except stupefied. If we are forced to study out the point of a play, or be informed when the laugh comes in, we are apt to believe that we have been imposed upon. That is the case with our friends here. They are witnessing one of the least successful failures at one of our aristocratic houses. They have seen the play billed as a triumphant success, and now they are puzzling their brains to determine where this success lies. That somebody lies is evident. When our friends entered the theatre they were smiling, radiant and happy. Now, as we have said, all this is changed. He, resting his head upon his hands, looks as though he never had smiled, or else had smiled too frequently. There is a suggestion of colic, not to say murder, about his eyes. While she, lovely, adorable she, in spite of her captivating toilet, is apparently plunged into the depths of feminine despair. And this is the legitimate effect of a triumphant success! Probably it is not the insipidity of the play which staggers our friends, for they have doubtless grown accustomed to that sort of thing; nor is it the fact that a failure is heralded as a success; but the thing that makes them serious is that this is the best a model American manager can do for a dollar-and-a-half admission. No wonder they are sad!

MY GRANDFATHER'S PROP'S.

Sequel to Arlington's Trunk.

WRITTEN BY BILLY ARLINGTON, AND DEDICATED TO FRANK DUMONT.

My grandfather's head was too large for his hat,
It was adapted by nature to carry;
Cross-eyed flies followed wherever he went,
And they perched in the kinks of his ear.
His skin was as tough as an elephant's hide,
Or a street in a city just paved—
Two oxen and six horses on a morn were used
The last time the old man was shaved.

Chorus.

He spit out tobacco juice plunky, plunky,
He hollowed out: "A flag of truce," plunky, plunky;
But the off-ox snorted, and stuck up his ear,
When the old man croaked.

My grandfather's boots were too short for his feet,
And his socks were run down at the heel;
The calves of his legs wandered out in the street,
And were gobbled for boarding-house veal.
My grandfather had an old hunting-dog hen—
You can bet all you've got she's a hummer—
She laid ninety eggs on the Fourth of July,
And now she's laid up for the Summer.

Chorus.

The rooster he sickened, plunky, plunky;
His death it was quickened, plunky, plunky;
The hen stopped short, and ne'er laid again,
When the Shanghae rooster died.

My grandfather's nose was as red as a beat,
And his hair floated out to the breeze.
His brother was pressed as a pall in the Spring
Or the soft side of Limburger cheese;
He will never again wind the old eight-day clock,
Or eat ham without any rind——
He hung up his shiner on the favorite peg,
And has gone where the woodbinein twine.

Chorus.

The children will miss him, plunky, plunky;
Oh, how they used to kiss him, plunky, plunky!
But he left a fat will, and a big family Bible,
And his breath all leaked out, which goes to show
that procrastination is the soul of disappointment.

NIBLO'S GARDEN IN 1837.

In presenting the last of a series of bills kindly contributed by "H. N. D.," which illustrate the style of entertainments given there in the early days of that establishment, we desire to call attention to the wording of the bill, which may be regarded as a masterpiece of advertising; and to state that, probably, in the year named, dramatic performances were given for the first time, and alternately with other entertainments. Mrs. Bailey (Miss C. Watson) was referred to in our past issue; Mrs. E. Knight, *nee* Mary Ann Povey, returned to England and died in Brompton, London, in Oct., 1861; Mrs. Harrison subsequently married Mr. Sprague, and died in 1852; Mr. Henry Pincent Plumer some years later left the stage and became a prominent member of an Ethiopian minstrel company; T. Bishop afterwards became a member of the Seguin Opera Company, and was last heard of in public here in 1852; Joseph Jefferson Jr., the father of the present well-known comedian, celebrated as Rip Van Winkle, died of yellow-fever in Mobile, Ala., Nov. 24, 1842—he was a scenic-artist as well as an actor, and a portion of the scenery used on this occasion was from his pencil; John Sefton died here Sept. 19, 1868; William Henry died some years ago. The first vaudeville had been previously acted under the name in London, Mass., Feb. 24, 1840; Fox's Theatre, April 7, 1856. The second vaudeville was afterwards known as "The Chaste Salute." During that season the following well-known performers appeared: E. N. Thayer, Alexina Fisher (now Mrs. J. L. Baker), Mrs. Maeder, *nee* Clara Fisher; J. A. Thoman, Mrs. Watts (Mrs. John Sefton), James W. Wallack Jr., and Miss De Bar, afterwards Mrs. J. B. Booth Jr., who made her metropolitan debut.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
TUESDAY EVENING, JULY 25, 1837.
THIS EVENING WILL BE PERFORMED A NEW VAUDEVILLES,
FOURTH NIGHT OF LES VAUDEVILLES,
which were again received with acclamations of delight on Saturday evening by a crowded and fashionable audience.

The proprietor of this establishment, in thus publishable place of resort, impressed with a sense of that discriminating favor which he is proud and grateful to acknowledge, begs to announce that, through great exertion, his arrangements are now completed for their full and effective representation

EVERY TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY.

It is enough, perhaps, to say in addition to the public in favor of this new, pleasing, interesting and elegant improvement in the modern drama, that the cities of Paris and London have pronounced it the greatest advancement in the genteel style of theatrical amusement that has manifested from the unequaled success attendant on the introduction of these light and elegant burlettas at Vauxhall, Mme. Vestris' theatre, and in the aristocratic dramatic circles and fete champetres of the Duc d'Orleans, Duke of Devonshire, etc. The subject of the different vaudevilles will be agreeably diversified, the music apposite, and all the scenery entirely novel.

The following ladies and gentlemen are engaged: Mrs. Bailey, Mrs. Knight, Mrs. Harrison, Mr. Plumer, Mr. T. Bishop, Mr. Jefferson, and Mr. Johnson Sefton.

The whole of the entertainments will commence at 8 o'clock, precisely, with M. Scribe's celebrated vaudeville in one act, translated from "L'Amant Prete," with the whole of the original music as selected by Tully, with new scenery by Messrs. Grain and Jefferson.

Gertrude	Mrs. Knight
Peter

SECOND DAY—SEPT. 26.

W. H. JACKSON.

800 yards	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	—75
900 yards	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	—89
1,000 yards	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 3 4 5 5 5 5 5	—72—216

H. F. CLARK.

800 yards	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	—75
900 yards	5 5 4 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 —72	
1,000 yards	3 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	3—69—216

J. F. BROWN.

800 yards	4 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	—73
900 yards	3 3 5 5 5 5 4 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	—69
1,000 yards	4 5 4 5 4 4 5 4 5 5 4 5 5 5 4 5	4—68—210

J. S. SUMNER.

800 yards	5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	4—73
900 yards	4 4 4 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5	—70
1,000 yards	5 3 4 5 5 5 3 4 4 4 5 5 5 5 4 5	4—66—209

R. RATHBONE.

800 yards	3 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	—73
900 yards	4 5 4 5 3 3 4 4 5 5 3 4 5 5 5 4	—63
1,000 yards	5 4 5 5 4 3 5 5 5 4 5 3 5 5 3 5	3—66—202

WILLIAM GERRISH.

800 yards	3 5 5 4 3 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5	—69
900 yards	5 5 5 5 3 5 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	—68
1,000 yards	4 5 5 4 5 3 3 2 5 5 3 4 0 5 3 5	—56—193

C. H. DWIGHT.

800 yards	3 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	—73
900 yards	4 5 5 2 4 4 5 3 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5	—66
1,000 yards	4 3 5 5 4 4 5 5 3 3 5 0	—190

H. T. ROCKWELL.

800 yards	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 4 5 5 5	—73
900 yards	5 5 4 3 3 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 5 5 5 5	—67
1,000 yards	0	—140
Team total		1,576
		1,660
Grand total		3,236

THE TURF.

THE LOUISVILLE RACES.

The Louisville (Ky.) Jockey Club commenced their annual Fall meeting on Monday, Sept. 23, with a not very encouraging attendance and first-rate racing over a hard and dusty track.

The first event was the Blue Grass Stakes, for five-year-old fillies, $50 each, $300 added, three-quarters of a mile. There were eight starters, who had considerable trouble in getting away, and were finally sent off in bad shape. Florence B. being left at the post. Clarissima led until they were halfway down the backstretch, when Peru went to the front, only to be in turn passed by Alice Bruce, the two latter, with Long Girl and McGrathiana, being on nearly even terms as they swung into the straight. A good race home resulted in the last-named winning by a length from Peru, a similar distance separating second and third (Alice Bruce), who was followed in this order by Long Girl, Lily R., Clarissima, Brilliantem and Florence B. Time, 1:18¾. The St. Leger Stakes—a sweepstakes for three-year-olds, $50 each, $1,000 added—two miles, had five runners, the favorite, Leveler, making a waiting race until they were in the stretch for home, when he went ahead and won as he pleased by two lengths; Fortuna second, a length before Momentum, Solicitor a bad fourth, and Milan last. Time, 3:42½.....A mile-heat race, for all ages, $300, followed, the first heat being easily won by two lengths by King Faro, who was second in the two following. Won by Dave Moore. Time, 1:45, 1:45, 1:47½.

The weather was threatening on the second day, 24, and comparatively few persons paid admission to the track. The sport began with Belle Meade Stakes, for two-year-old colts, $50 each, $300 added, three-quarters of a mile. Ben Hill was the leading horse until nearly two-thirds of the distance had been covered, when Montreal poked his head in front; but so well together were a half-dozen that it was difficult to pick out the winner. As they came dashing up to the seven-furlong pole Trinidad forged ahead and won the race by a length; Ben Hill second, with One Dime lapping, and followed by Good-night, Bashi-Bazouk, Stilton, Montreal, Strathmore, Harry Bishop and the Johnson colt. Time, 1:17.....The succeeding event was a mile-and-three-quarter dash, for all ages, $350, five starting, Clemmie G., who sold second to Mahlstick in the pools, assuming the lead before going a quarter mile, and never being headed, although Nellie Rooker pushed her hard over the last half mile and was only beaten a half length; Wheeler four lengths behind, Poetess fourth, and the favorite far away. Time, 3:10.....A mile dash, for all ages, $200, was then decided, five starting, and Warfield taking command at the half, after which he was not approached, coming under the wire a score of lengths ahead, Reynolds' unnamed bay colt second, Vril third, followed by Clansman and Crosslet. Time, 1:43¾. The closing race of the day was a dash of a mile and a quarter, for all ages, $250, selling allowances, thirteen running. Classmate was first to show in front, where she remained until halfway along the backstretch, when Joe Rhodes took up the running, and at the half was a couple of lengths in the van. Up to the three-quarter pole he kept in front; but then Signal and Petrel quickened and gave him the go-by, the pair having a hard fight to the wire, which Signal reached a few inches ahead, Lucifer being two lengths behind Petrel, with Julia Jackson fourth, Tolena fifth. Time, 2:12.

Better weather was enjoyed on the third day, 25; but the alarm occasioned by the seemingly well-founded report that that scourge of the South, yellow fever, had taken a firm hold of the Falls City had the effect of making the attendance even smaller than it was on either of the preceding days. The track was deep with dust, and the racing rather uninteresting, owing to the ease with which the winners in the different contests secured their honors. The initial event was a mile-heat race, for all ages, $300, only two starting, and Janet won as she pleased in two straight heats, taking the lead from Allan Pinkerton on the homestretch in the first heat and leading all the way in the second. Time, 1:45¾, 1:46¾.....This was followed by a selling race, for all ages, $400, mile and a half. The favorite, Ed. Turner, took the lead at once, and retained it for three-quarters of a mile, hotly chased by Julia Jackson, who now got in front, staying there until they were going around the lower turn, when Turner again took first going around the lower turn, when Turner again took first place. Springbranch also going past Julia and making a bold dash for the premier position, which, however, she didn't have speed enough to secure, Turner finishing three lengths ahead, Springbranch a long distance in front of Julia Jackson. Time, 2:42.....Next was a mile-and-one-furlong race, for all ages, $200. There were five starters, the favorite being Edinburgh. They kept well together all the way up to the homestretch, when whip and steel were freely used, but with the better effect on the favorite, who reached the goal a length before Blue Eyes, who led Kling William a half length, Checkmate and Class-mate following. Time, 1:59.....The afternoon's sport was wound up with a mile race, for all ages, $200, five horses responding to the call. Milan was the favorite, but he was never able to quite get up to Bergamot, who went away with the lead and was always in front, landing the race by a length; Edinburgh third, Shortline fourth, and Glenmore last. Time, 1:47½.

After the serious night the sun came out bright and warm on the morning of the 26th, the weather continuing fine all day, and, as there was a special attraction offered in the shape of the American Stallion Stake, there was a great improvement in the size of the assembly. The track was very muddy, and fast traveling not to be thought of. For the race above mentioned, which led the day's programme, and which was enriched by the addition of the Woodburn Challenge Vase, value $2,500, there were ten starters out of sixty nominations. The distance was a mile and three-quarters, and the favorite Bramble, who sold for twice as much as Day Star, Pomeroy went away in the van; but before they had gone a quarter mile the favorite had headed him, and kept at the front ever afterwards in doubt, Bramble adding to his lead at will, and achieving a most hollow victory by threescore yards; Cammie F. second, two lengths before Warfield, Momentum fourth, Day Star fifth, Pomeroy sixth, Solicitor seventh, Bergamot eighth, McHenry ninth, and Fly Queen tenth. Time, 3:14¾.....The next race was for the Association Purse, $200, dash of a mile and an eighth, for which eleven started. This witnessed the downfall of the favorites, Uncle Vic colt and Lucifer, the winner turning up in Waterwitch, who led the greater part of the distance, and finished a length before Lucifer, who led Adventure a like distance, Classmate, Poetess, Clauseman, Reynolds' colt, Tom Sawyer, Englight, Wavtarer and Jo Rodes. Time, 2:08¾.....A dash of two miles, $300, concluded the day's sport, only four coming to the post, and Kling William a length in front of Ben Hill second, with One Dime third, and Tola fourth. Time, 3:34, 2:28¾, 2:29, 2:32, 2:34, 2:35.....The first regular race on the 28th was for 2:28 horses, and was easily won by Nettie C.; Gumball second, Convoy third, and Envoy fourth. Time, 2:30, 2:28¾, 2:30. The trot for 2:27 horses had only two starters, Proline being drawn. It was won by John H. as he pleased, Lew Scott second. Time, 2:27, 2:28¾, 2:26¾.

The meeting was concluded on the 27th, when the opening contest was for horses that had never beaten 2:36, of which five answered the call. The race proved a gift for Tola, Hero being second in each heat, while third money went to Black Cloud and fourth to Banker. Time, 2:34¾, 2:33½, 2:33¾. The final race of the meeting was for 2:27 horses, and was well contested. The first heat was won by Sleepy George, who made a dead heat with Lucy in the third, the latter taking the second, fourth and fifth heats, Sleepy George secured second money, Sweetser burst a blood-vessel in his nose in the third heat, and was distanced.

TROTTING IN PHILADELPHIA.

A meeting was held at Ambler Park, Phila., last week. On Sent. 24, the 3:00 race was won by Chance; Lizzie F. second, Harry Ford third, and Dewdrop fourth. Time, 2:36, 2:37¼, 2:36½. The 2:40 race was more stubbornly contested, George Brooks taking the first and second heats, losing the next two to Mambrino Hasson, but capturing the fifth. Mambrino Black Hawk was third in the Mambrino Stakes, fourth. Time, 2:44, 2:42, 2:44, 2:46, 2:47. Horses of the 2:35 class next competed, Fanny taking the first heat and Iron King the three following; Burnhotat third, Gen. Sutton fourth. Time, 2:33½, 2:37½, 2:38, 2:38, 2:38. A running race followed, mile heats, and was won by Lizzie F., Colton Jr., second, Gasconade third, and Maid of Orleans fourth. Time, 0:35½, 0:36¼.....On the 25th the spoil was resumed with a trot for 2:30 horses, which was won by Chance; Frank second, Lady Fenner third, Bob Scott fourth. Time, 2:42½, 2:35½, 2:39. Four-year-olds then contended in a mile-heat trot, which Lizzie F. won, Joe Pierson second. Time, 2:38, 3:01. This was followed by a two-mile-heat trot, for 2:45 horses, Lew Drop having an easy win, Dicky V. second. Time, 5:14, 5:22½. A running race, three-quarter-mile heats, brought the day's exercises to an end, Reform proving the winner, Colton Jr. second, and Gasconade third. Time, 1:24, 1:24.....First on the programme on the 26th was a trot for 2:45 horses, in which Chance was victorious, Harry Ford second, Lady Nolen third, and Mambrino Black Hawk fourth in each heat. Time, 2:36, 2:39, 2:36. A tandem race, to road wagons, followed, and was won by Courtland Boy and mate, taking the first, third and fourth heats, the second falling to Harry C. and mate. Viola and mate third. Time, 3:13, 3:01, 3:00, 2:49. Horses of the 2:27 class then tried conclusions, Phil Dougherty proving boss, with Twilight second, Glide third and Sam French fourth. Time, 2:33½, 2:28½, 2:31.....The first contest on the 27th was between four-year-olds, only two contending, and Music winning easily from William C. Time, 2:50¾, 2:48, 2:46. A team race for 2:45 horses came next, and was won by Courtland Boy and Pitchin; Viola and Frank second, Dollie V. and Gen. Brooks distanced in the third heat. Time, 3:05, 2:47½, 2:52. A saddle race, for horses of the 2:40 class, was won by Lady Elgin, Charley Ross being second and Henry C. third in every heat. Time, 2:37½, 2:38½, 2:42. The last event was a trot for horses of the 2:30 class, Iron King winning, Glide second, Sam French third, and Maggie M. fourth. Time, 2:29¾, 2:32, 2:34¾.

TROTTING AT ST. LOUIS, MO.

The St. Louis Jockey and Trotting Club held their inaugural annual trotting meeting last week, commencing Sept. 24, with splendid weather, an excellent track and fair attendance. The initial event was for horses of the 3:00 class, and had five starters, the winner turning up in Highland Queen, Clipper second in each heat, and third money going to Mary M. Time, 2:38, 2:35, 2:31½. Horses of the 2:19 class then came onto the track, three starting, and Adelaide taking the fourth, fifth and sixth heats, after Little Fred had scooped in the first and second, and Lucille the third. Time, 2:23, 2:23, 2:22½, 2:24¼, 2:27, 2:27.....Rain prevented a continuance of the trotting on the 25th, but the weather on the following day was all right, and the track in first-rate order. The 2:35 race had five starters, Up-and-up and Header making a dead heat at the first trial, and the former winning the three following heats, in each of which Header was third; Tuckahoe took third money, and Stancliffe fourth. Time, 2:28, 2:29, 2:30¾, 2:30½. This was succeeded by a race between 2:22 horses, Darby taking the first, third and fourth heats, and Bonesetter being first under the wire in the second; Wolford Z. was third in every heat except the last. Time, 2:24, 2:20¼, 2:23, 2:22.....A big crowd had been expected on the 27th to see Rarus attempt to beat his own best time; but the weather was gloomy and cold, and not more than five thousand passed the gates. The track was two or three seconds slow, and the performance of Rarus was not satisfactory, his time for the first heat being 2:20, second 2:15½, and third 2:17¼. Horses of the 2:39 class then contended, Blanche Pratt winning with ease in three straight heats; Tecumseh second, Creed third, and Sentinel fourth. Time, 2:36, 2:33, 2:34½.

THE NEWMARKET HANDICAP, a sweepstakes for three-year-olds and upwards, £15 each, £300, was run for at Newmarket, Eng., Sept. 27, seven starting, and the winner being Count Lagrange's Lina, Thunderstone second, Kylestone third. The latter was the favorite, odds of 5 to 2 being laid against him.

BASEBALL.

METROPOLITAN CHAMPIONSHIP.

On Sept. 24 a championship game was played on the Union Grounds, where the Astors again met the Orange nine and defeated them by the appended score. The "Orange nine" could only present "eight" men, and this gave the boys a chance for a victory.

ASTOR.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	ORANGE.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Colligan, p.	1	0	0	5	0	Rule, 2d b.	1	2	2	4	3
Percell, 2d b.	1	1	4	0	2	Jackson, s. s.	0	2	0	4	1
Hayes, s. s.	1	2	2	6	0	Ward, 3d b.	0	1	2	2	0
Costello, 3d b.	1	1	1	1	0	Thompson, c.	0	0	0	5	5
Hurley, 1st b.	1	1	14	0	0	Dunne, 1st b.	1	1	8	1	1
Bennett, r. f.	0	0	2	0	0	Day, p.	0	1	0	1	1
Fitch, c.	3	3	2	1	1	Shier, c.	1	0	2	1	1
Pender, c. f.	2	1	1	1	1	Williams, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Snyder, l. f.	1	0	2	0	0						
Totals	11	9	27	14	4	Totals	3	8	27	19	12

Astor	0	0	1	0	8	0	0	0	2—11	
Orange	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0—3	

Runs earned—Astor, 4; Orange, 1. First base by errors—Astor, 7; Orange, 3. Umpire, Mr. Taylor of the Hudsons. Time, 1h. 50m.

At the Capitoline Grounds, same day, the Hudsons scored a forfeited game owing to the inability of the Montgomerys to get a nine out.

On Sept. 25, the game between the Flyaways and Witokas, postponed from Sept. 4 on account of rain, was played at the Union Grounds, in the presence of a large assemblage of spectators, and, though the Flyaways did not have the services of Purroy, they managed to win easily.

FLYAWAY.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	WITOKA.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Wadsworth, s.s.	0	0	3	4	0	Booth, 3d b.	0	1	1	6	1
Towart, 3d b.	0	0	2	1	1	Burns, c.	0	0	10	1	6
Laughlin, 1st b.	0	2	12	0	0	Read, 1st b.	0	0	11	0	3
Cramer, r. f.	1	0	1	0	0	Rase, 2d b.	0	0	1	5	1
Fleet, 3d b.	2	2	2	4	0	Palmer, s. s.	0	1	2	3	0
McCann, p.	1	0	0	1	1	Bannon, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Wareham, c.	0	3	0	1	1	Lawler, l. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Lilly, l. f.	1	2	4	0	0	Hughes, r. f.	0	0	0	0	1
Nolan, c. f.	0	1	0	0	0	Ryan, p.	0	0	1	1	0
Totals	5	7	27	10	3	Totals	0	3	27	12	12

Flyaway	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	2—5	
Witoka	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0	

Runs earned—Flyaway, 0; Witoka, 0. First base by errors—Flyaway, 4; Witoka, 1. Umpire, Mr. Walker of New York. Time, 1h. 35m.

The same day the Hudsons met the Astors again on the Capitoline Grounds, and they obtained an easy victory over the boys.

HUDSON.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	ASTOR.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Farrell, 2d b.	3	3	1	4	0	Colligan, p.	1	0	1	0	2
Smith, s. s.	3	1	1	1	1	Percell, 2d b.	2	0	2	2	1
Raleigh, 3d b.	3	4	2	2	0	Hayes, s. s.	0	0	0	2	1
Schenck, p.	1	2	2	5	0	Costello, 3d b.	0	1	0	1	2
Morgan, c.	0	2	6	0	1	Hurley, 1st b.	0	1	10	0	1
McCord, r. f.	0	1	2	1	0	Bennett, r. f.	0	1	0	0	1
Lavin, 1st b.	0	3	10	1	0	Fitch, c.	0	0	5	0	4
J. Raleigh, l. f.	1	1	1	1	0	Pender, c. f.	0	1	3	5	1
Fagan, c. f.	2	1	1	1	0	Snyder, l. f.	0	0	6	0	1
Totals	14	19	27	13	6	Totals	3	4	27	10	14

Hudson	2	0	0	4	0	2	0	3	3—14	
Astor	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0—3	

Runs earned—Hudson, 9; Astor, 0. First base by errors—Hudson, 4; Astor, 5. Umpire, Mr. Conway. Time, 2h. 30m.

On Sept. 26 the third meeting between the Hudson and Flyaway Clubs took place on the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, and the attendance was the largest of the season. Unluckily, just as the match had reached an interesting point, rain interfered and prevented a satisfactory conclusion. As there happened to be quite a dispute as to the effect of rules governing the circumstances of the game, we give Section 6 of Rule Second, which applies thereto:

"SEC. 6. Should rain commence to fall during the progress of a match game, the umpire must note the time it began; and, should it continue for five minutes, he shall, at the request of either captain, suspend play. Should the rain continue to fall for thirty minutes after play has been suspended, the game shall terminate."

The Flyaways entered upon the match minus the services of their effective pitcher, Purroy, who injured himself in a previous contest, and has not been able to play since. In McCann, however, they found a good substitute. The Flyaways opened play at the bat, and at the close of the second inning each side had been relieved in the order in which they came to the bat, with one exception, James Farrell giving McCann a life in the second inning. In the third inning a bad throw by M. Smith gave Nolan a life, and on base-hits by Wadsworth and Towart he scored, the first part of the third inning ending with a score of 2 to 0 in favor of the Flyaways. Just at this time a heavy shower of rain suddenly put a stop to the game, and after about fifteen minutes' suspension it was resumed. The fourth inning ended with the score unchanged, and the fifth was commenced with rain falling again. The Flyaways were at the bat. Tilly had been caught out, and Nolan had given a chance by a short fly to left—lost by a collision between Morgan and Smith—when a muff by Farrell at second and some wild throwing let in another run. Then came a couple of base-hits, after which an appeal from the Hudson's captain to suspend play was made on account of rain. This the umpire naturally declined to do, and the Hudsons refused to put men out, which is just the same under the law as leaving the ground. At last the rain induced the umpire to call the game, and the match ended in "no game." The facts show that rain had fallen for more than five minutes after resumption of play, and on the appeal from the Hudson's captain—mutual consent is not required from the two captains—the umpire should have suspended play at the end of the fourth inning; and as rain fell for half an hour afterwards, that would have ended it as a match game. It was not a drawn match, as there was not the required number of innings played, nor the equal score to constitute a draw. The legal score was 1 to 0 at the end of the fourth inning, the fifth not having been legally played.

The match between the Montgomerys and Astors, appointed the same day, did not take place owing to the disbandment of the Montgomerys. By this action the record has to be changed under the same rule as applicable in the International championship arena, viz., but one game to count in the record.

On Sept. 27 the Flyaways played their third game with the Astors, and the only interest attached to it lay in the effort to "Chicago" the boys, the Flyaways succeeding in keeping the Astors from a run by a score to the ninth inning, when the latter got in three, the nine being earned.

FLYAWAY.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	ASTOR.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Wadsworth, s.s.	0	0	2	0	4	Colligan, 2d b.	0	0	0	2	2
Towart, 3d b.	0	1	2	3	1	Purcell, c. f.	0	1	4	0	3
Laughlin, 1st b.	0	2	11	0	0	Hayes, 1st b.	0	2	9	0	0
Cramer, c.	2	2	13	1	3	Costello, s. s.	0	0	0	3	5
Fleet, 2d b.	1	0	2	1	1	Hurley, 1st b.	1	1	9	0	0
McCann, p.	0	0	0	2	0	Fitch, c.	0	4	12	1	0
Wareham, r. f.	0	1	2	0	0	Bennett, r. f.	1	2	1	0	0
Lilly, l. f.	2	3	2	0	0	Pender, p.	1	1	1	2	5
Nolan, c. f.	0	0	0	0	1	Snyder, l. f.	0	2	4	1	3
Totals	5	9	34	7	10	Totals	3	8	42	9	18

Flyaway	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	0—5	
Astor	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0—3	

Run earned—Star, 1. Two-base hit—Mitchell, 1. Three-base hit—McVey, 1. First base on errors—Star, 3; Cincinnati, 5. Double-plays—Gerhardt and Sullivan. Umpire, Julien of Indianapolis. Time, 2h. 40m.

They met again on the 28th, when the Syracusans did some of the most execrable muffing ever witnessed, while they were literally "no good" at the bat, and, as a consequence, were worse beaten than on the day before.

CINCINNATI.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	STAR.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Jones, l. f.	5	1	1	1	0	0	Hotaling, c. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Gerhardt, 2b.	5	1	2	2	1	0	Farrell, 2d b.	4	0	2	1	1	0
McVey, 3b.	5	1	1	6	4	3	Carpenter, 3b	4	0	0	3	4	2
Kelley, c.	4	0	1	3	2	0	Mansell, l. f.	4	0	0	2	0	2
Sullivan, 1b.	4	0	1	11	0	0	Derby, r. f.	4	0	0	1	0	3
Dickerson, cf.	4	0	1	0	0	0	McCorm'k, p.	3	0	0	0	1	0
Sullivan, ib.	3	2	1	11	0	0	McClure, c.	3	0	0	12	2	7
Merney, 3b.	3	2	1	2	2	0	Heifert, 1st b.	3	0	0	8	1	1
Geer, s. s.	4	0	0	1	3	3	Macullar, s. s.	3	0	0	1	3	0
Totals	37	8	7	27	22	6	Totals	32	1	2	27	12	20

Star	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0—1	
Cincinnati	0	0	4	1	2	1	0	0	0—8	

First base on errors—Star, 4; Cincinnati, 9. Umpire, Julian. Time, 2h. 29m.

BOSTON vs. PROVIDENCE.

A championship game was played by these clubs at Boston, Mass., Sept. 26, the home team far excelling their antagonists at all points, and easily winning a contest which was stopped by rain at the end of seven innings.

BOSTON.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	PROVID'NCE.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Wright, s. s.	4	1	0	3	0	Higham, r. f.	1	3	0	0	1
Burdock, 2b.	4	0	1	3	2	York, l. f.	3	1	1	2	0
Manning, c. f.	3	1	0	3	0	Brown, c.	3	0	1	5	3
O'Rourke, c.	3	2	3	5	0	Hines, 1 f.	3	0	0	1	0
Leonard, 1 f.	3	0	1	0	0	Carey, s. s.	3	0	1	0	0
Sutton, 3d b.	3	0	1	3	1	Murnan, 1b.	3	0	0	6	0
Morrill, 1b.	3	0	0	9	0	Hague, 3d b.	3	0	0	1	0
Snyder, r. f.	3	0	0	0	0	Ward, p.	2	0	0	1	7
Bond, p.	3	0	0	1	3	Sweasey, 2d b	2	0	0	3	0
Totals	29	4	6	21	7	Totals	25	1	3	20	11

Boston	1	0	0	1	0	2	0	0	0—4	
Providence	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0—1	

Two-base hit—O'Rourke. Three-base hits—O'Rourke, Carey, York. First base on errors—Boston, 3; Providence, 1. Double-plays—Burdock and Morrill. Umpire, McLean of Philadelphia. Time, 1h. 45m.

INTERNATIONAL CRICKET.

D. GREGORY. T. HORAN. W. MIDWINTER. G. H. BAILEY.

A. BANNERMAN. W. MURDOCH. C. BANNERMAN. T. GARRETT.

J. BLACKHAM. T. E. SPOFFORTH. F. ALLAN.

OUR AUSTRALIAN VISITORS.

THE PLAYERS IN THEIR RESPECTIVE POSITIONS.

Our illustration displays nine of the eleven men of the team in their favorite positions at the bat, while the other two are seen in their home positions—the one behind the wicket, and the other in his bowling form. Mr. Gregory—the first man on the left—is the captain of the team, and of his batting the English journal *Land and Water* says, in the report of their last match at London: "Gregory put a finishing touch to his London visit with a very well-played score of 57, obtained by as careful and genuine cricket as anyone would wish to see." The second is Horan, whose forte is defense—he plays back well, and aims to place a ball well in his defense. Next to him is Midwinter, a professional, who has only played to fill up gaps. Next is Bailey, a dashing batsman and quick run-getter—one who soon "collars" bowling not up to a high mark. The first on the left in the second row is A. Bannerman, the "pony" of the team, and a very promising player—he is "death on leg balls." Next to him is the New South Wales wicket-keeper, and standing to the right of him is Charley Bannerman, of whom "Incog" says in his comments in *Land and Water* on the professional match: "Bannerman played admirable cricket for 61, he being in two hours and a half without giving a chance." The last in the row is Garrett, a dashing leg-hit and a fine bowler, he taking seven wickets for 41 runs in their last professional match in England. On the lower row is the left-handed bowler of the team, whose high delivery—he being six feet high—on a bumpy ground is decidedly wicked in its rise. Next to him is Spofforth, the thrower of the team, and the fastest bowler in Australia. Last on the list is Blackham, the crack wicket-keeper of Victoria, who is quite a curiosity behind the wicket.

INDIANAPOLIS vs. CHICAGO.

On Monday, Sept. 23, the second game between the Chicagos of 1879 and the Indianapolis Club was played at Chicago, McCormick pitching for the Hoosiers. Indianapolis opened the scoring in the second inning, getting two runs off one base-hit and errors by Quest and Peters. The Chicagos tied this in the fourth by two runs made off errors by Warner and Croft and Larkin's three-baser. In the sixth Indianapolis put in two more runs, and earned them by four successive hits. In the last half of the inning, errors by Clapp and McCormick, aided by three hits, gave two runs, and out of everything came the same rule as applicable in the International championship arena, viz., but one game to count in the record.

On Sept. 25, the Flyaways played their third game with the Astors, and the only interest attached to it lay in the effort to "Chicago" the boys, the Flyaways succeeding in keeping the Astors from a run by a score to the ninth inning, when the latter got in three, the nine being earned.

FLYAWAY.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	WITOKA.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Wadsworth, s.s.	0	0	3	4	0	Booth, 3d b.	0	1	1	6	1
Towart, 3d b.	0	0	2	1	1	Burns, c.	0	0	10	1	6
Laughlin, 1st b.	0	2	12	0	0	Read, 1st b.	0	0	11	0	3
Cramer, c. f.	1	0	1	0	0	Rase, 2d b.	0	0	1	5	1
Fleet, 3d b.	2	2	2	4	0	Palmer, s. s.	0	1	2	3	0
McCann, p.	1	0	0	1	1	Bannon, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Wareham, c.	0	3	0	1	1	Lawler, l. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Lilly, l. f.	1	2	4	0	0	Hughes, r. f.	0	0	0	0	1
Nolan, c. f.	0	1	0	0	0	Ryan, p.	0	0	1	1	0
Totals	5	7	27	10	3	Totals	0	3	27	12	12

Flyaway	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	2—5	
Witoka	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0	

Runs earned—Flyaway, 0; Witoka, 0. First base by errors—Flyaway, 4; Witoka, 1. Umpire, Mr. Walker of New York. Time, 1h. 35m.

The same day the Hudsons met the Astors again on the Capitoline Grounds, and they obtained an easy victory over the boys.

HUDSON.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	ASTOR.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Farrell, 2d b.	3	3	1	4	0	Colligan, p.	1	0	1	0	2
Smith, s. s.	3	1	1	1	1	Percell, 2d b.	2	0	2	2	1
Raleigh, 3d b.	3	4	2	2	0	Hayes, s. s.	0	0	0	2	1
Schenck, p.	1	2	2	5	0	Costello, 3d b.	0	1	0	1	2
Morgan, c.	0	2	6	0	1	Hurley, 1st b.	0	1	10	0	1
McCord, r. f.	0	1	2	1	0	Bennett, r. f.	0	1	0	0	1
Lavin, 1st b.	0	3	10	1	0	Fitch, c.	0	0	5	0	4
J. Raleigh, l. f.	1	1	1	1	0	Pender, c. f.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must* be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Sept. 30.

LADIES' LIST.

Adams, Nettie (of Golden's Co.) (2)
Antonio, Tillie
Adams, Lucille 12c.
Aubrey, Mrs. Robt.
Baird, Mrs. (of DeEate's Co.)
Budworth, Emma
Bidwell, Dollie
Bateman, Alice
Beaumont, Nellie
Coleman, Clara (of Coleman Sisters,)
Connolly, Marie
Claire, Maggie
Coleman, Alice
Carlyn, Nettie
Clifton, Viola 9c.
Chaproniere, Lil lian
Crayton, Gussie
Courtland, Nellie
Ducios, Minon
DiMurska's Co. Agent
Delange, Minaire (2)
Dingwell, Nellie Reeves
Davenport'w Mana ger
D'Este, Helen
Ellis, Florence
Engle, Jennie
Ezzelino Sisters
Elliott, Lottie (2)
Fairmont, Belle
Foster, Fannie
Forest, Lillian (3)
Fielding, Clara

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Alexander, W. B.
Arizona, Chas
Arlington, Cotton & Co.
Aubrey, Robt.
Atkins, W. A.
Adams, Marsh
Benedict, Lew
Brown, S. M. Harry
Barry, Ed.
Baldwin, E.
Bray, W. H.
Burgess, Neil (2)
Barnum, P. T.
Boyd & Sarsfield
Buckley, Billy (of London Circus)
Brown & Morton
Baker, Wm. F.
Bernard, Harry
Bernardo, —
Binckley, J. W. (2)
Barr, Geo. (musician)
Bent, B. C.
Banks, Joe H.
Barry, Dave
Barlow, Jas. C.
Barnes, — (of Prim & West'n Min.)
Berry, G. S.
Boyd, G. J. (of Gt. Am. Circus)
Colville, Manager
Carroll & Young
Converse, Frank B.
Christie, Chas.
Carner, John
Cummings & Hines
Callender, H. W. R.
Cincinnatus & Hogan
Clifton, W. F.
Carvet, Chas.
Chivarelli, Sig.
Crossley & Elder (2)
Carroll, G. A.
Collyer, Dan
Carey & Hoey
Cromley, T. R.
Collier, J. W. (of Cels. Case Co.)
Charles, C. C.
Cox, R. B.
Clarke, Kit
Carson, Jr., Kit
Devere, T. (of De vere Bros.)
Doty, J. A.
Dexter Nelson
D'Artrey, W.
DeForrest, F. (Dutch "biz")
Dingess, John A
De Vail, —
De Mott, Jas.
Dupree, Jr., Jos.
Di Manlu, Paul B.
Emidy, Jas
Emmett, J. K. (2)
Emerson, Mahlon
Irels, Manager
Emerson, Wm. (2)
Fraser, Robt.
Forbes, Chas.
Francis, Geo. (gymnast)
Fithian, Archie
Flynn, J. (of Keating & Flynn)
Fielding, Harry
Fields & Hansen
France, S. C.
Favor & Shields
Franks, Joe
Frank, —
Fied, A. G. (of Gt. Am. Circus)
Fenton, Fred (co median)
Grierson, Bob
Gregoire, C. H. (with Pullman & Hamil,)
Garton, J. (of N. Y. Circus) (2)
Gaston, Albert (2)
Gaylor, Frank
Grove, Sr., C. L.
"G. A. T." (2)
Heywood, J. (of Heywood Bros.)
Holloway, Jas. (clown)
Harvey, E. H. (3)
Hess, C. D.
Howard, Larry (comedian)
Haverly, J. H.
Arizona, Chas
Arlington, Cotton & Co.
Aubrey, Robt.
Atkins, W. A.
Adams, Marsh
Benedict, Lew
Brown, S. M. Harry
Barry, Ed.
Baldwin, E.
Bray, W. H.
Burgess, Neil (2)
Barnum, P. T.
Boyd & Sarsfield
Buckley, Billy (of London Circus)
Brown & Morton
Baker, Wm. F.
Bernard, Harry
Bernardo, —
Binckley, J. W. (2)
Barr, Geo. (musician)
Bent, B. C.
Banks, Joe H.
Barry, Dave
Barlow, Jas. C.
Barnes, — (of Prim & West'n Min.)
Berry, G. S.
Boyd, G. J. (of Gt. Am. Circus)
Colville, Manager
Carroll & Young
Converse, Frank B.
Christie, Chas.
Carner, John
Cummings & Hines
Callender, H. W. R.
Cincinnatus & Hogan
Clifton, W. F.
Carvet, Chas.
Chivarelli, Sig.
Crossley & Elder (2)
Carroll, G. A.
Collyer, Dan
Carey & Hoey
Cromley, T. R.
Collier, J. W. (of Cels. Case Co.)
Charles, C. C.
Cox, R. B.
Clarke, Kit
Carson, Jr., Kit
Devere, T. (of De vere Bros.)
Doty, J. A.
Dexter Nelson
D'Artrey, W.
DeForrest, F. (Dutch "biz")
Dingess, John A
De Vail, —
De Mott, Jas.
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Emidy, Jas
Emmett, J. K. (2)
Emerson, Mahlon
Irels, Manager
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Fraser, Robt.
Forbes, Chas.
Francis, Geo. (gymnast)
Fithian, Archie
Flynn, J. (of Keating & Flynn)
Fielding, Harry
Fields & Hansen
France, S. C.
Favor & Shields
Franks, Joe
Frank, —
Fied, A. G. (of Gt. Am. Circus)
Fenton, Fred (co median)
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Gregoire, C. H. (with Pullman & Hamil,)
Garton, J. (of N. Y. Circus) (2)
Gaston, Albert (2)
Gaylor, Frank
Grove, Sr., C. L.
"G. A. T." (2)
Heywood, J. (of Heywood Bros.)
Holloway, Jas. (clown)
Harvey, E. H. (3)
Hess, C. D.
Howard, Larry (comedian)

THERE IS A LETTER in the Hornellsville (N. Y.) Post-office for Ed. Horan, of Oates' Comic Opera Co.

Fletcher, Kate
Gray, Adrienne
Grates, Gracie
Grey, Maggie
Gleason, Alice
Howard, Maude
Henderson, Kittie
Howard, May
Holland, Mrs. 6c.
Hawes, Dell
Hutchins, Eliza
Irving, Edith (vocalist)
Jewell, Linda
Jewell, Alice
Janauschecck, Fanny
Jordan, Emma
Jamison, Mrs. Carrie
Leith, (georgie of Ranch's Minst.)
Love, Allie
Linden, Lillie (2)
Long, Josie 4c. (2)
Le Brun, Mrs. Lizzie 5c.
Lester, Mrs. H. orF.
Lee, Emma
Marshall, Florence M.
Mulvey, Lizzie
Mayo, Ella (vocalist)
McDermott Sisters
Morton, Mrs. J. W.
Morton, Alma
Mcfill, Mrs. Sadie
Montague, Annie (of Jas. Cox)
Martelle, Miss (of Volke's Garden)
Montrose, Sadie
Murray, Henrietta
Nelson, Sara (of Rentz's Minst. 3c.
Nault, Juliette
Noonan, Mrs. Alice
Nannie (care D. Oaks)
Pascoe, Miss (of Rentz' Minst. 2)
Partington, Sallie (2)
Pott, Louise, 4c.
Pallandino, Emma
Rinehart, Mrs. (mother of Bertie R.)
Richmond's Co., Manag., Adah
Rainford, Alice
Rose, Millie
Ryse, Mad. Ellie (2)
Rooney, Mrs. Pat
Sanville, Millie
Sanyeah, Mrs. Sam
St. Felix Sisters
Smith, Sarah
Siddons, Ida
Stokes, Mrs. Emma
Selwyn, Blanche
Sanderson, Mrs.
Sewell, Alice
Sargeant, Lillie
Sharpe, Mrs. Catharine 5c.
Sothern, Jennie
Van Dusen, Mrs. M.
Woods, Annie
Wallace, Ida
Worrell, Irene
Williams, Mrs. Mollie

(Phillips, W. F.
Powers, Jen
Parker, Lewis
Primrose, Homer
Primrose, G. H.
Powers, John H.
Plunket, Chas.
Pastor, C. H.
Paul, W. M.
Quinlan & Adams, M.
Ryse, E. (of Hess' Op. Co.)
Roe, Harry W.
Rickaby, John
Ryman, Add.
"Richard"
Rentfraw, J. N. (2)
Robinson, J. (musician)
Ronaldo, H.
Rennie, Jas R.
Porter, B. C.
Read, Chas. H.
Rosenbaum, E.
Rogers, L. (of Ch. Thompson's Co.)
Roberts, N. D.
Robinson, John (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Reinhart, Alf.
Swonsbourne, C. H. (2)
Satsuma, Kane (2)
Samwells, T. (animal trainer)
Stuckel, J. V.
Silly, F. B.
Stowe, W. H.
Saunders, W. H. (late with Barnum)
Snow, Lew
Sherick, Mark
Seagel, F. (ballet master)
Steuart, Richd.
(variety "biz")
Stone, D. W.
Skillings, G. A. (2)
"Stage Carpenter"
Sadler, T. (of Robinson's Minst.)
Stevens, O'Dale (2)
Straight, Ned
Seymour, O. T.
Stickney, Robt. (2)
Steele, Jno. T.
Salt, Theodore
Stanley, Ernest
Sanford, J. L.
Summers, J. W.
Sanford, W. S.
Sanyeah, Sam
Seabert, C. F.
Taylor, Billy (of Taylor & Conway)
Talbott, Harry
Tams, A. W.
Tryon, T. D.
Thatcher, Geo. "Talent")
Terry, Wm.
Ulmer, Frank
Van Beuren, Jos.
Villa, Saml.
Western, H. (of Western & Wing does he do this when he can get so many correct titles?.....Mrs. Florence is to exhibit her new clothes this week. They are of almost every hue and shade, and she still has one *chef d'œuvre*. [French language, meaning a shade over.—ED.].....Were Brother Talmage to tell it in Gotham and cry on the streets of Brooklyn that he intended to visit our variety theatres, the boys would meet him half way, and make it lively and pleasant for him. Going in so quietly as he does, and taking his seat up in the gallery, shows a want of discrimination and sociability. Guess he gets nervous, though, and acts this strangely to avoid the notice of other members of his congregation who may be on the same errand.....We shall rejoice in Miss Schumacher's success, if she shows herself able to electrify Europe. Don't know her? Bless you, she is one of our American singers who is studying for the opera abroad. Her last role—which is also her first—leads us to put

A DIRECT QUESTION,

Suppose, now, Miss Schumacher shouldn't
Succeed in her very last role,
'Twere wise, you'll confess, if she couldn't,
To drop it, with proper control.
And yet the question arises,
Which should not be heedlessly passed,
This being her last, in all cases
Should a Schumacher stick to her last?

Williams, Archie
Willis & West
Warner, Dr. (with Wildemere Sisters)
Woodward, Geo
Williams, C. J. (with Jubilee Singers)
Wilbur, B. C.
Wenham, E. D.
Wills, F. M.
White, Fred
Wilson, E. S.
Walton, Jas. E.
Wallhalla, Max
Whettoney, Leon
Wildman, C. J.
Wiley, L. H.
Waite, Jas. R. (manager)
White, Fred
West, W. H. (of B. P. & W.'s Minst.)
Wells, Frank E.
Willis, Frank E.
Weeden, M. K.
"X. Z."

THERE IS ALSO

Bassett, Miss
Bowers, Miss
Bowers, Mrs. Jennie
Bowers, Mrs. Lizzie
Bowers, Mrs. Mary
Bowers, Mrs. Sarah
Bowers, Mrs. Wm.
Bowers, Miss Ada
Bowers, Miss Annie
Bowers, Miss Emma
Bowers, Miss Jennie
Bowers, Miss Lizzie
Bowers, Miss Mary
Bowers, Miss Sarah
Bowers, Miss Wm.
Bowers, Miss Ada
Bowers, Miss Annie
Bowers, Miss Emma
Bowers, Miss Jennie
Bowers, Miss Lizzie
Bowers, Miss Mary
Bowers, Miss Sarah
Bowers, Miss Wm.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Sept. 30, '78.

Which closes all dates appertaining to that month, and opens the way for those alleged melancholy days which are inseparable from October and the mind of the unhappy poet. When we look back—remembering, however, the sad and unaccountable fate of Mrs. Lot, who, owing to her transgression of the law, became a permanent model artist—it were better that we refrain from looking back, but rather pursue the even tenor of our way in a straightforward manner, and set down naught in malice.....How has been the week's business? Well, there have been fluctuations—a rise here, a drop there, and occasionally a steady set, but, take it near and far, we notice that the lighter form of entertainment has secured better returns for the capital invested than the heavy or legitimate has been rewarded with. Thus we find in this city and elsewhere that variety, minstrelsy, and burlesque have met with unusual favor at the hands of the people, while those managers and those performers who have wrestled with the standard drama, the society play and tragedy have not been compelled to drive throngs from their doors. And so, while Tony Pastor and his troupe were made happy at sight of the multitude which greeted them at the Grand Opera-house, Messrs. Harrigan & Hart looked sweetly upon the unadulterated audiences which filled the Theatre Comique; and we notice that, with commendable gratitude and a desire to make the outs as comfortable as the ins, the two aisches are to be made hereafter they intend to imbolster the cushions in front of their house, as well as the steps of the St. Nicholas Hotel, opposite, in order that those occupying such positions may rest easy and comfortable—this is a step in the right direction, and has no parallel except in the case of the San Francisco Minstrels, who, a few seasons ago, were obliged to put the lazy loungers to bring ladders with them, from which coign of 'vantage they could, through convenient windows and friendly skylights, witness the performances going on in the interior. As the Friscos were compelled to turn away people several evenings during the past week, we should suggest to Messrs. Backus and Bacchus that the ladder-trick in the interests of their patrons.....From the land of steady habits comes the news that J. K. Emmet's six days and nights among the good people down East convinced him that the citizens of that region have a steady habit of attending, in large numbers, the delightful entertainments given by "Our Fritz."..... From St. Louis intelligence reaches us that May Fisk and her troupe of blondes had set 'em wild, even the usually guarded and morally-inclined newspapers of that village extolling the charms of the ladies in chaste and beautiful language, and calling special attention to the sculpturesque accuracy of their limbs and the rosy freshness of their faces—all of which go to show the rapid strides made by St. Louis in its love and encouragement of art. Our correspondents in other sections give equally flattering reports of the success of the same style of entertainment among them..... On Saturday evening last we bade farewell to Theodore Thomas and wiped our weeping eyes. Yet, why should we weep? for the same vessel that brought us, in the liberated Feenans, Cogdon and Melody, also gives us harmony in the return of Gilmore's Band; so that really we are gainers by the change.....That other Theodore, the midnight Theodore, Miss Fisk's manager, is out with a new lecture, entitled "Heart's Ease," a sequel, probably, to that heart ache which afflicted him a few years ago, and which, at one time it was thought, would make the beatings of his heart cease. [You will perceive how prettily we have worked in this beautiful little incident, and how cleverly we have avoided all reference to the Tilton and Beecher scandal, which agitated the land in the sweet past and gone.—ED.]..... It is with pain and mortification we read the discussion going on between our respected contemporary *The Tribune*, and our equally esteemed friend of the Mail and Express, Mr. Henderson. While not wishing to be considered as taking part in the strife, we may be excused, probably, for suggesting to Brother Henderson that, in making war upon a newspaper, he fights at a disadvantage, and takes up "arms against a sea of troubles" which, if he submerge him in the deep bosom of the ocean, figures, literally speaking. For why? The newspaper may peg away at our dear brother without cost; whereas, on the other hand, the libel manager cannot strike back save through the courtesy of other papers at variance with the journal of the first part. Therefore we advise an armistice, and the arrangement of articles of peace, pending which the belligerents can have time to see wherein they have misunderstood one another and misconstrued the original text of the disagreement.....This allusion to articles of war directs our attention to an article of peace, which, when artistically handled, with its victories no less renowned than war, in massive verse, we herald the victories of

IRA.

A shooting Payne is counted bad—
Payne enough should be worse;
But that shot at Jimmy's last week
Was voted the reverse.

He went to hear Willman at a matinee on Saturday, but, not being exactly acquainted with the style of music the imminent violinist was working out of his fiddle, this here man we have referred to sent a note to the performer, kindly requesting him to play "Munny Musk." Owing to the extreme length of the programme, the request was not compiled with.....The revels will begin this evening, when, under its new director, the Olympic will throw open its doors, and cater for a fair division of the spoils. The new manager ought to do well, because he's so Hanley to have in the house. Let's engage Gilmore's Band, march in procession in the middle of the street, and give Martin W. such a welcome as will make him happy for the rest of his life.....Nebraska City is in a high state of excitement because a hairless calf has just been foaled there. If they make such a fuss over that single fatted calf, what would they say if they were to visit this city, and see the—Hold hard. We are growing personal. .....Guess there'll be another disturbance of the peace. Why? Well, you see, the Frisco boys claim *Baird* as "the greatest show on earth," while Barnum, fortified with documents as strong as proof of holy writ, protests that *his* is the only and original greatest show on earth, and that all others are "snides." Were it not that both of these greatest shows on earth advertise in THE CLIPPER, we should deem it our duty to seek to embroil the hands of the claimants in human gore, as it is our voice is still for peace; therefore we council moderation and forbearance..... And now we are told that recently, in a theatre in Vienna, Austria, an actress dropped her stockteeth on the stage while contorting her face in a touching, and sad, and death-scene. This is a very touching and sad, and should be a warning to all actresses, who, in their death struggles, leave the pearly gates ajar.....Last week, on the bills of the Germania Theatre, a play was announced as "Die Guten Freunde." This comes of employing Dutch compositors who are ignorant of their business. Any American compositor with merely ordinary intelligence would have found no difficulty in giving the correct title to the play, viz., "Mine Goot Fryinde."..... That is right. The manager of the Haymarket has made a new deal, and announces as a novelty the engagement of the Hebrew Team. Why not? Are we to continue to bear malice towards a race of fellow-creatures because of a slight misunderstanding of their ancestors centuries ago? Hath not a Jew eyes and ears and things like that, the same as any other pious person? Let's encourage the Hebrew Team, and thereby frown down sectarianism and all forms of party religion.....There is compensation in all things. No sooner is the Coney Island season at an end than the high-toned Arbuckle (observe the double force of that qualifying expression) appears at the Tabernacle over in Brooklyn, where his melodious strains help on materially the spiritual work. If we were an English swell now we should write a verse something like this:

POET-AH-RY.

The—ah—season at Coney is over,
The—ah—people have bied them away;
No longer you see the—ah—lover
Along the—ah—promenade stray.
For—K—orsters the people now clamor,
While the clam—ah—is happy to shirk,
And Arbuckle's gone back to Talmage,
To—ah—buckle right down to his work!

.....And while discussing religious topics, we should be derelict in our duty as the organ of the theatrical profession did we not chronicle the fact that, on Sunday, the "play people" of Philadelphia gave a benefit in aid of the yellow-fever sufferers in the South, and the sum realized by the efforts of those ungodly people amounted to nearly *five thousand dollars!* Full details are given in our dramatic summary. We call attention to this special case because of the want of confidence displayed by the "play people" when the latter sought the aid and co-operation of their Christian brethren.....In "M'liss," now being played at Niblo's Garden, our friends may recognize an old acquaintance in Yuba Bill. A few years ago, if your memory will carry you back that far, this genuine man was spoken of as Yuby Dam-Bill. In deference to the Young Men's Christian Association, and the recognition of Brother Talmage in our places of amusement, it was thought proper and conciliating to omit the cuss words, and introduce our old pard as plain Yuba Bill..... Coup's Equescurriculum, with "the whole blooming Coup's Equescurriculum, with "the whole blooming lot from Barnum's," begins a brief season to-night in Fourteenth street opposite the Academy of Music. "Isn't it them what's got the bronchial horses?" Broncho horses, Jimmy, not bronchial; they're in perfect health, and as sound as a bass drum. "Does the manager get into a coop with 'em when they act?" Coup is the name of the manager, James. "Oh!" Hear this:

HORSE TALK.

The Bronchos are of royal birth,
And come of kingly strain—
They crow at the houses every night
Just by a *Coup de main!*

.....More horse talk: at Gibbons' Art Gallery, 17th street and Fifth avenue, may be seen Rosa Bonheur's great painting of "The Horse Fair." When we tell you that the proceeds of the exhibition are for the benefit of those made orphans by the yellow-fever, you may not hesitate to take it in, and thus help the orphan. Other paintings are included in the exhibition, and only twenty-five cents to see it all. Remember the cause..... Manager Henderson is presenting his pantomime with splendid success at the Academy of Music. Why does he do this when he can get so many correct titles?.....Mrs. Florence is to exhibit her new clothes this week. They are of almost every hue and shade, and she still has one *chef d'œuvre*. [French language, meaning a shade over.—ED.].....Were Brother Talmage to tell it in Gotham and cry on the streets of Brooklyn that he intended to visit our variety theatres, the boys would meet him half way, and make it lively and pleasant for him. Going in so quietly as he does, and taking his seat up in the gallery, shows a want of discrimination and sociability. Guess he gets nervous, though, and acts this strangely to avoid the notice of other members of his congregation who may be on the same errand.....We shall rejoice in Miss Schumacher's success, if she shows herself able to electrify Europe. Don't know her? Bless you, she is one of our American singers who is studying for the opera abroad. Her last role—which is also her first—leads us to put

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Suppose, now, Miss Schumacher shouldn't
Succeed in her very last role,
'Twere wise, you'll confess, if she couldn't,
To drop it, with proper control.
And yet the question arises,
Which should not be heedlessly passed,
This being her last, in all cases
Should a Schumacher stick to her last?

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

Ad. Neuendorf, manager of the **Germania Theatre**, this city, was on Sept. 24 elected conductor of the Philharmonic Society in place of Theodore Thomas. Dr. Damrosch vs. Mr. Neuendorf's competitor.....Mme. Janauschek arrived here Sept. 25 in the steamer Abyssinia.....There are no more Glucks. The last descendant of the composer to bear his name died recently at Aschach, on the Danube, viz., Chevalier Ferdinand Gluck, an Austrian officer.....The Milton Italian opera Concert Company, consisting of Mme. Aline Aibaiza, soprano; Mlle. Matilda Tomassi, contralto; Sig. Luberti, tenor; Sig. Boniveri, baritone; and Prof. Damrosch, pianist, arrived here from Havre, Friday, Sept. 24. At their concerts it is their intention to introduce scenes in costume from the principal operas..... Laura Adaline Shook, infant daughter of Sheridan Shook, of Indianapolis, died on Sunday, Sept. 29.....James E. Murdoch has been appointed professor of elocution at the College of Music, Cincinnati, O.....Miss Elizabeth Sloman, the harp-player, has returned to this city.....Henry D. Weston, a musician, died a pauper in Boston's Rand of Hope, and was arraigned before Judge Bloom in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Sept. 25, upon the charge of abandoning his wife, Alice. The complaint was withdrawn upon his agreeing to pay the five dollars a week alimony.....The Coroner's jury on Sept. 24 concluded their labors in the inquest in the case of Isaiah L. Weaver the minstrel, killed on the 12th by an accidental discharge of a pistol in the hands of Long. The railroad company was exonerated.....Miss Mathilde Lennon, Boston vocalist, has appeared in London, Eng., with fair success.....Mrs. Barrymore, playing Julian Beauclere in "Diplomacy" at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 23, was attacked by diphtheria, but managed to continue until the final fall of the curtain. The following night James W. Hardie of the stock company at that house took Mr. Barrymore's place. .....The ancient organ upon which the great Sebastian Bach played for four years is being repaired at Arnstadt. .....Mrs. Wm. Rockwell, the wife of the well-known lawyer by yellow-fever was chronicled in our last issue, fell a victim to the same disease in Memphis, Tenn., on Sept. 25. He was formerly in the employment in that city for several years, and had interested himself in several theatrical enterprises. He was a brother of Maggie Mitchell the actress, also of Emma Mitchell and of Mrs. John W. Albaugh.....Crook's Amateur Band, Philadelphia, gave its last outdoor concert for the season Sept. 27, in Central Park.....John Marshall, the Baltimore elocutionist, has just returned from Europe.....Dr. and is preparing to make a public appearance in this city.....Orchestras that do not play—"My Grandfather's Clock" are just now in great demand.....George E. Ward, who had acquired local repute as an organist at the Haymarket, London, died in Hoboken Sept. 27, aged thirty-one years. He was the brother-in-law of General J. T. Hatfield, and the son-in-law of the Rev. James O. Rogers, whose daughter Minnie, a leading soprano of New-York churches, he married five years ago....."Le Pont d'Avignon"—the new operetta produced at the Bouffes Parisiens, and noticed in our columns last week—a failure dramatically as well as musically.....*The London Times* says of Byron's new drama of "Conscience Money," produced at the Haymarket, London, Sept. 23, that the last act is very weak, and must be remedied if the play is to achieve success. *The London Standard* thinks "the play is wanting in probability, and somewhat clumsily welded together," but adds that Mr. Byron's characteristic dialogue and some fairly ingenious sketches of character won for it a tolerably favorable reception." .....While dancing at Bordeaux, France, recently, in "The Tour of the World," Mme. Delas was severely burned through her dress catching fire.....The last concert at Coney Island Seaside Beach for the season was given on Sunday, Sept. 29......"Camille" has been performed at the Gymnase, Paris, with Mlle. Tessandiere as the great Sophocrat, and M. Gintry, a debuter, as the great Globe-trotter upon.....Barnard's Fredericksburg "Jeames" has not been drawing well at the Galetz, London.....The Arabella Root Grand Concert Company has organized, with Miss Arabella Root, prima-donna soprano; Miss Zelme de Mantel, violin; A. B. Furlong, tenor; C. R. Holmes, baritone buffo; Sig. Carlo Torriani, solo-pianist; and Robert De L'Arbitage, director.....On Blooming Saturday, Mme. Rive Rive played at Gilmore's Garden on Sept. 27 by Thomas' band, was arranged for orchestra by a musician of the city—Ernest Grill.....Charles Pope closed at the Bowery Theatre Sept. 28, and Rose and Harry Watkins and their daughter revive their popularity there to-night.....What has become of Prof. King? A dispatch to *The Cincinnati Enquirer*, and dated Sept. 28, from Ashland, O., says: "Prof. King and his balloon went up from the Fair Grounds in Jefferson this afternoon. After a flight of twenty-two minutes a landing was made at North Kingsville, with no man aboard. A basket bottom up is produced. Mme. Rive Rive's waltz, performed

AT HAMLIN'S NEW THEATRE, Chicago, Ill., the attraction last week was Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau and company in "Parted." Our correspondent says: Mrs. Chanfrau as Grace Shirley made an excellent impression, enjoying as she does a fine stage-presence, a clear, well-modulated voice, a certain share of sympathetic force, with an intelligent conception of her part. The cast was exceptionally strong. S. K. Chester as Dorsey Shirley, the bank cashier, fairly divided the honors with the leading character. A. Toriani Jr. diversified a very satisfactory portrayal of the ardent lover with a song to his own accompaniment on the piano, which won him a recall, while his sweetheart, Miss Nellie Boyd, by her arch and winsome acting, made a favorable impression. Mrs. S. K. Chester was greeted with frequent applause as Jane Kirkland, the old maid. Julian Mitchell deserves praise for the clear portrayal of the colored servant, while F. D. Allen as Harry Anson, the journalist, and Rufus Scott as Silas Stanbery, satisfied the not very exacting requirements of their parts. Little Kate as Maud Shirley is one of the best child actresses we have ever seen. The setting, especially in the third act, is deserving of especial mention, representing in the foreground a villa on Staten Island, and in the background the bay of New York. Mrs. Chanfrau closes on Sept. 30 as "Miss Multon," and Mr. F. S. Chanfrau opens in "Kit," Oct. 1.....At McVicker's Joseph Jefferson closed his three weeks' engagement 28, "Rip Van Winkle" having run the entire time. Business continuing good. Mr. McVicker and his company have just returned from a trip through the West, and will open 3d in "Look to Combos."..... At Haverly's Theatre the Rankin Comedy Company in "The Danites" have been playing all the week to crowded houses. D. Strong, scenic artist, has provided some excellent scenery for the play, especially that in the first and third acts.....The Comedy Combination will be continued another week.....At Hooley's Rice's "Evangeline" Combination played all the week to audiences altogether too large for comfort. The Comedy Combination will be presented by Haverly has generously tendered the use of his house on Sunday, 29, for an entertainment to be given in aid of the yellow-fever fund here, which now approximates $100,000. .....At the New Folly Theatre the party now playing the German patrons of the stage has induced Manager Wurster to reconsider his original plan of giving nightly German performances only Sunday nights, the rest of the time being filled by combinations.

AT ADEE NATIONAL THEATRE, Washington, D. C., Shakespeare's "King John" was presented during the first three days of the past week, with Frank G. Bangs as Philip Faulconbridge, T. W. Keene as King John, R. J. Downing as Philip, King of France, Carl Abrendt as Cardinal Pandulph, Charles Waverly as Hubert, Adelaide Detchon as Prince Arthur, Henrietta Vaders as Lady Constance, and Octavia Allen as Queen Elinor. Our correspondent says: "The play received an additional interest from the fact that it was the first time it had been presented in this city within thirty years, and that it gave our public its first opportunity of seeing what Manager Ford's new company is capable of. The play was well put on, the equipments, properties and costumes were generally correct, and the whole effect was fine throughout. Mr. Keene made a fine success of King John, and established himself as a favorite. Mr. Abrendt acted the Cardinal excellently, and delivered the anathema with fine effect. Mr. Downing as King Philip did fairly, showing vast improvement over last season. Mr. Waverly as Hubert was exceedingly forcible. In the second act the setting of the scene was most effective, and the acting of Mr. Bangs was well-nigh perfection. In the third act Miss Vaders acted the part of Lady Constance with great power, making the grief of Constance the decided feature of the play. She is by far the most successful leading lady Mr. Ford has ever had in this city. Overacting in the part of Adelaide Detchon as Arthur achieved a veritable triumph—from first to last she maintained the character with superlative grace in all its delicate and pathetic features, with a subtle knowledge of child nature. Her fall upon a bed of straw in splendidly grouped scene, and Mr. Bangs closes the tragedy with his best-delivered speech. 'Julius Cæsar' was presented the last three nights of the week, and in Mr. Bangs' hands as the masterly Antony he made a hit, and Mr. Keene still further gave us proof of his quality by his remarkably clever representation of Cassius. John Owens commences an engagement Sept. 30. 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' will be presented Oct. 7."

JOHN E. OWENS began an engagement at Ford's Grand Opera-house, Baltimore, Md., Sept. 23, and played to crowded houses all the week. "Our Boys" was the opening piece, as Perkyn Middlewick Mr. Owens achieved a success greater than in any of his previous plays. Harry Rainforth as Talbot Champneys and George Hoey as Charles Middlewick sustained their parts most admirably. Jessie Maude made her first appearance as Violet Melrose, and was well received. Blanche Chapman as Mary Melrose dressed and acted the part very nicely. E. Lanagan as Sir Geoffrey Champneys and Mr. Germon as Mr. Champney were, as usual, excellent. Belinda by Marie Booth, Kempster by John Atwell, and Poddles by John Mincher, were cleverly drawn trios. The farce of "Everybody's Friend" and "The Happiest Day of My Life" were given 24, "Victims" and "Forty Winks" 25, "Solon Shingle" (new version) and "Toodles" 27, "Dot" matinee 28, and "Our Boys" and "Serious Family" at night. Mr. Owens opens in Washington 30, and F. C. Bangs here on same date.....Mr. and Mrs. Albaugh at the Holliday-street Theatre closed with a fine presentation of the late Edwin Adams' version of "Enoch Arden." They rendered their respective parts in fine style. Philip Ray by R. Fulton Russell and Ruben by P. A. Anderson were creditably portrayed. Our correspondent says: "A dispatch from Memphis 26, announcing the death of her brother, John H. Mitchell. She was unable to play after that date, and the part was entrusted to Ada Rehan, who gave it full justice. Business was not at all in keeping with the merits of the production.....Sept 30, John A. Stevens in "Unknown." Advices of Sept. 29.

THE BUFFALO BILL COMBINATION appeared at the Richmond (Va.) Theatre Sept. 26, 27 and 28 in "May Cody" and "The Red Right Hand," to paying business. They are billed in Lynchburg 30, Danville Oct. 1, Charlotte, N. C., 3, Wilmington 4, 5, Columbia, S. C., 7, Augusta, Ga., 8, 9.

THE "CHICAGO" COMBINATION drew fair houses at the Griswold Opera-house, Troy, N. Y., Sept. 23, 24, 25.....Emma Abbott and the Her English-opera Company produced "Mignon" 27 to a large audience. "Bohemian Girl" matinee 28, "Chimes of Normandy" (without Abbott) evening. They go to Danbury, Ct., 30 .....A New York comedy company is to be formed to play under the management of Miss Kate "Frou-Frou" Oct. 3, 4, 5.....John McCullough 7....."Celebrated Case" 10, 11, 12.....Richings-Bernard Opera Combination 17, 18, 19.....Chapman Comedy Company, with Watson playing Irish parts 21, 22, 23.

AT THE OPERA-HOUSE, Rochester, N. Y., Sept. 23, Geo. Fawcett Rowe opened a three nights' engagement in "Wilkins Micawber." Business was only moderate. Milton Nobles opened 26 in "The Phœnix" before a large audience; he produced "A Man of the People" 27, and 28 closed by repeating "The Phœnix." The "Chicago" Combination opened for a few nights.....At Corinthian Hall the Robert Fraser Pantomime Troupe in "Humpty-Dumpty" appeared to good business Sept. 23, 24 and 25.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Buffalo, N. Y., "Our Boarding-house" Combination held the boards Sept. 23, 24 and 25, inclusive of matinee. Business fair. The play has been pruned for provincial travel, and the less important characters have been eliminated.....George F. Rowe and combination, with "Wilkins Micawber" and "Nobody's Secret," filled out the week. Business fair.....Milton Nobles' combination is billed for one week, beginning 30.....At St. James' Hall George C. Boniface and company gave "A Soldier's Trust" 23, 24 and matinee, closing 26 with "Monte Cristo" to a good house.....At the Academy of Music Lottie's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" combination drew largely 28, matinee and evening.

ANNIE SIMON of Simon's Star Comedy Company presented her husband with a baby girl in Cape Girardeau, Mo., Sept. 22, and is to rejoin the company there Oct. 10. The troupe includes J. A. Simon, proprietor and manager; Harry Gray, stage manager; E. S. Nettle, leader of orchestra; Thos. A. James, leader of brass band; J. G. Stuttz, C. Toler Wolfe, Geo. A. Stevens, H. F. Norman, Mr. Marshall, R. M. Nelson, Gus Menger, J. W. Curry, J. W. Fiers, Annie Simon, Lizzie Wood, Virginia Grimes, Annie Kendall, Miss H. Taylor, and La Petite Nellie. R. B. Jones is the agent.

"MILISS"—It will be seen by an advertisement of J. E. McCaffrey in which is published the ruling of Judge Lawrence in the "Miliss" injunction suit brought by Miss Mayhew to restrain Mr. McDonough from producing her copy of the drama—that the decision adjudicates also the legal rights of either party as to the statute of copyright, or as to which of the two owns the title of "Miliss." Mr. McDonough has abandoned the Mayhew copy, and produces the original copy, which was written by Ben R. H. Cox of San Francisco, in the North Broadstreet Theatre, Philadelphia, Oct. 7.

AGNES WALLACK VILL'S COMBINATION played in Erie, Pa., the State Fair week, Sept. 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, to fair business; thence to Warren, O., 28, 30, Oct. 1, Akron, 2, 3, 4, 5.

STETSON'S OPERA-BOUFFE COMPANY, including Nellie Larkelle, Louise Sylvester, Eugenia Paul, Jas. S. Maffet, Harry Josephs, E. S. Tarr and others, with J. C. Mullally's orchestra, will appear on their tour in a repertory embracing "Evangeline," "Babes in the Wood" and "William Tell." Manager Stetson is now arranging dates for their appearance. See card.

J. J. SULLIVAN announces that he has purchased from James H. Meade all the rights, title, manuscript and music of the play "Marie, the Woman of the People," and is about to start out on a traveling tour with a carefully selected company, of which Miss Emmie Wilmot will be the feature. He requests managers to address him, as per card, for time, etc.

JOHN DILLON, supported by Wallack's Combination, is to play in Sherman, Texas, Oct. 21, 22, 23, Dallas 24, 25, 26, Austin 28, for one week, during all of Brenham Nov. 4, 5, Houston 6, 7, 8, 9, San Antonio 11, one week, all under Manager Elkin of Dallas.

AT THE GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, Nashville, Tenn., J. H. Huntley, supported by Miss Florence Kennedy and a company, presented "Enoch Arden" Sept. 27; "Rip Van Winkle," matinee 28, and "Streets of New York," night. John B. Chen ault, business manager, has been succeeded by James S. Hutton, who held that position last season..... Davey & Milson, lessees of the Masonic Temple, have arranged with the Blanche Meda Combination to appear Oct. 21, 22, 23.

E. K. EMMET'S "New Fritz" proves to be as good a drawing card in the New England States as it was at the Grand Opera-house, New York, we are informed. The receipts for one week amounted to $7,097. On Oct. 14 he will commence a four weeks' engagement at the Standard Theatre, this city. In answer to numerous applications, Mr. Emmet declines to permit other Professionals to sing his songs, and gives his reasons in the advertisement.

THE WILKINSONS are reported to be meeting with success in Central New York, and the manager informs us that they produced "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the Opera-house, Troy, to the biggest business ever known there. He also publishes a card cautioning other parties against infringing on his rights.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Montreal, P. Q., was opened for the season Wednesday, Sept. 25, under the management of Lucien Barnes, with Miss Fanny Davenport and her combination in "Oliva," which was acted during the first of the week. The cast included Olivia, Miss Davenport; Sophy, Mrs. G. B. Waldron; Mrs. Primrose, Mrs. F. A. Tannehill; Polly Flamborough, Miss Stella Congdon; a Lisping Woman, Miss Emma Vaders; Phœbe, Miss Susie Randall; Sarah, Miss Kingsley; Dr. Primrose, F. F. Mackay; Squire Thornhill, E. F. Knowles; Mr. Burchell, Edwin Price; Leigh, S. Holmes; Moses, Sedley Brown; Farmer Flamborough, H. Stephens; Dick, Ella Quigley; and Bill, Willie Waldron. Frank Chapman is Miss Davenport's business manager.

MISS ADAH CAVENDISH opened in the Grand Opera-house, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 23, as Pauline in the "Lady of Lyons," supported by Kay, Fiton & Claude Melnotte. "The New Magdalen" was presented 24, 25, 26, 27, including matinee. The stock company acted "She Stoops to Conquer" and "Betsy Baker" at matinee 28. "Romeo and Juliet" was given 27. Business large. George Fawcett Rowe and company open 30.....At the Royal Opera-house the Holman Opera Troupe, assisted by a dramatic company formed for the occasion, performed all the week to good houses. They presented "Ben Bolt" and "Bubbles" 23, "Fra Diavolo" 24, "Streets of New York" 25, "Under the Gaslight" 26, and "Chimes of Normandy" 27, 28.

E. T. STETSON'S COMPANY performed in Bradford, O., Sept. 23, Piqua 24, Kenton 25, 26 Bucyrus 27, Mansfield 28. The company reorganized contains E. S. Gresh, Chester Baldwin, E. T. Stetson, Chas. Archer, Johnny Maxwell, Chas B. Chase, H. B. Wald, Wm. Laclaide, C. G. Sullivan, and the Misses Lizzie Fletcher, Minnie Claire and Ada Tourney.

ELIZA WEATHERSBY'S FROLIQUES, with N. C. Goodwin Jr., are to act in Wheeling, W. Va., Sept. 30, Oct. 1.

TONY DENIER'S PANTOMIME TROUPE performed in Rock Island, Ill., Sept. 23, Peoria 24, Lacon 25, Lacon 26, Pekin 27, do. Oct. 26, Delaware 27, Springfield 28, and are due in Columbus 30, Oct. 1, Wheeling, W. Va., 2, Pittsburg 3, 4, 5.

S. MACAFLEY'S COMPANY appeared in Toledo, O., Sept. 23, 24, Columbus 25, 26, Wheeling, W. Va., 27, 28.

WM. H. LINGARD and Combination are billed in Wheeling, W. Va., Oct. 18, 19, and the Helen D'Estelle Troupe Oct. 11, 12.

MUSICAL.

MUSICAL NOTES FROM BOSTON, MASS., are sent as follows by our correspondent under date of Sept. 29:

Charles S. Forbes, who accompanied Gilmore's Band during its European tour, and was the writer of many interesting letters to *The Boston Journal* describing their travels and experiences, arrived in Boston 27..... Walter Emerson, cornetist of Gilmore's Band, is expected to arrive home to-day; he will be complimented with a reception in Melrose, Mass., during the week, at which Mrs. H. N. Smith and her concert company and the Melrose Orchestra will appear.....The report that G. E. Whiting, organist of this city, had refused the offer to preside over the great organ in Cincinnati is incorrect; he will soon leave Boston permanently.....Prof. Franz Peterslies (father of Carlyle Petersules, pianist), an old Boston musician, died at his residence, in Dorchester, Mass., 27. He was a German by birth, came to this country in 1833, and had resided in Dorchester twenty-eight years.....The vocal and instrumental concert at Forest Garden 28, and that given by Brown's Brigade Band 29, closed the season; but an extra performance will be given afternoon and evening of Oct. 2 for the benefit of the proprietor, J. B. Kendall. Brown's Brigade, American, Medford and Leominster Bands will participate.....The Berger Family and Sol Smith Russell, under A. P. Peck's management, appear in Music Hall week of Oct 7.....Mrs. E. Aline Osgood will be assisted at her concert at Music Hall Oct. 21 by Signor Tagliapietra and Georgie E. Cayvan, reader.....A Sunday concert in aid of the yellow-fever sufferers will be given in Turn Hall 29. The Turner Orchestra, Mrs. Clara J. Upham, Carl Prueger, Joseph Claus, J. Noeroth and Fred Eu-tis appear.

THE HYERS SISTERS' COMBINATION in "Out of Bondage" played in Hornellsville, N. Y., to a crowded house Sept. 25; thence to Bradford, Pa., 26, 27, Jamestown, N. Y., 28, Olean, N. Y., 30, St. Catharines, Ont., Oct. 1, 2, Hamilton, Ont., 3, 4.

MME. CLARA BRINKERHOFF, vocal teacher, will receive pupils in singing for special pieces of music or voice-forming. See card.

PARLOR AND STAGE BANJOS are made to order by D. Groman at advertised prices.

A BASS VIOL PLAYER is wanted for the Amy Stone Dramatic and Musical Alliance. See card.

RUDER'S Swiss BELLRINGERS commence their season in Brooklyn Sept. 30; thence to Yorkville Oct. 7, Brownsville 3, College Point 3, Whitestone 4, and Greenpoint 5.

T. B. KELLY SINGS "Sweet Little Rose of the Lea" is advertised in this issue.

THE NEWEST MILITARY BAND MUSIC can be found at A. M. Schacht & Co.'s address, as advertised.

THE LATEST ORCHESTRA MUSIC and Rowe's orchestra violin are advertised by G. H. Rowe in another column.

CHEAP BANJO MUSIC can be purchased at the Dime Banjo Music Company's address, as per card.

BENEFITS for the yellow fever sufferers were given by the Mannerchor society and Sons of St. George in Philadelphia Sept. 23, 24..... The last Reform Club concert was given 27. Herr Aurust Wilhelmi, violinist, will give concerts at the Academy of Music Oct. 4, 5.....'La Lyre," the French singing society, will give a concert at Association Hall 4 in aid of the yellow-fever sufferers. The Exhibition attracts a very large attendance.....The Maple son Combination will give a concert at the Academy of Music 7, and contest at the same establishment will be given by members of the Strakosch Italian opera Company 11, and Ole Bull 28.

JOSH LITTENBERGER, solo-cornetist, advertises for an engagement.

PROF. J. KOMMERL, solo-violinist and leader of orchestra, publishes his address elsewhere, and states that he would like to engage a lady pianist and vocalist as a partner.

YELLOW FEVER SUFFERERS were benefited by a literary and musical entertainment given under the auspices of the Philomathean Society at the Athenæum, Brooklyn, Sept. 26, and Mrs. Maude Giles' testimonial concert at the Brooklyn Music Hall the same evening probably did not clear expenses.....The same worthy cause was aided by a grand musical vespers at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Brooklyn, on the 29th.

E. S. THOMAS' LILIPUTIAN OPERA TROUPE are announced in Wheeling, W. Va., Oct. 9, 10.

THE MCNEIL SISTERS' CONCERT COMBINATION performed in Jamestown, N. Y., Sept. 24, 25, 26, 27, Titusville 28, and are billed in Jamestown 30, Waterford, Pa., Oct. 1, Conneautville 2, 3 and 4, and Cortland, O., 5.

G. H. ROWE advertises a line of foreign music for violin and piano, and a long list for string quartets, orchestra, etc.

THE ATTRACTIONS at the Leland Opera-house, Albany, N. Y., the past week were the Hess English-opera Company in "Faust," Sept. 23; "Chimes of Normandy," 24, 26, "Bohemian Girl," 25. Attendance good.

ANNIE LOUISE CARY and Henriette Beebe appeared in concert at Lincoln Hall, Washington, D. C., Sept. 23..... The Marie Rose-Mapleson Concert Company are to appear Oct. 9.

AT THE TABERNACLE, Chicago, Ill., a grand opening of the musical season will be given Sept. 30, Oct. 1, by the Strakosch Opera Company, including Kellogg, Cary, Rosenati, Conly, Levy and King.....In the afternoon of Sept. 29 an opening concert will be given at North-side Turner Hall for the benefit of yellow-fever sufferers.

THE MARIE STRAIGHT, orchestra leader, composer and arranger, advertises his address in this issue.

VARIETY HALLS.

AN INQUEST was held Sept. 23 in Philadelphia on the body of Frederick Bjerin, professionally known as Frederick Byron, whose death by suicide was announced in a past issue. Dr. Lees, who attended Byron, stated that he was brought to the hospital on Sept. 19 in a comatose condition, and from the nature of the wounds in the throat, inflicting taken laudanum in large quantities. Efforts were made to revive him, but without avail. Regaining consciousness, however, just before his death, the deceased stated that he committed suicide on account of business troubles, and that he had made a previous attempt on his life by taking laudanum, but unsuccessfully. The inquest on Byron was returned of death from suicide by laudanum while temporarily insane. Mrs. Byron is in New York. The deceased was a German by birth, and kept a dancing academy at one time at Albany, N. Y., where he made the acquaintance of his wife, who is related to the Van Rensselaer family.

IN MEMORY OF MR. FRED BYRON, WHO DIED SEPT. 1878.

Rest at last from pain and sorrow—
Naught disturbs his peaceful breast—
Let us hope his weary spirit
Has found peace and rest.
Gently close the tired eyelids,
Smooth his cold, white, marble brow;
With death's shadows falling o'er him,
He is sleeping calmly now.
Tired and weary of the struggle,
Heart-sick, saddened and forlorn,
Faltering on life's tollsome highway,
In the prime of manhood's morn.
Moonbeam's kiss the pearly dew drops
In the flow'rs that o'er him wave,
And the stars look down in pity,
Shining o'er his lonely grave.
Leave him sleeping, calmly resting,
Unperturbed 'neath the flow'ry sod—
May his spirit, freed from sorrow,
Find a resting-place with God.

ARCHIE DELMANNING of Delmanning Brothers.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

AN ATTRACTIVE PROGRAMME drew good audiences to Theall & Carlon's Novelty Theatre, Brooklyn, E. D., last week, and the enterprise of these gentlemen in providing Williamsburg with a commodious theatre is likely to bring them a very satisfactory financial reward. The new people Sept. 23 were Lucy Adams in vocal selections; Levantine and Earle, gymnasts; Murphy and Morton, Irish songs-and-dances; Sam Devere, whose Ethiopian specialties pleased greatly; Jennie Hughes in medley and Spanish songs; Guy Hunton and Lucy Adams in the laughable sketch; Keating and Flynn, song-and-dance; Fred and Charley Sharpley as "The Musical Contrabands;" and sketches were given in which Harry Clifford and James E. Carlon also appeared. All closed 28, Levantine and Earle and Murphy and Morton going to Baltimore; Sam Devere, to Philadelphia; Guy Hunton and Lucy Adams and Harry Clifford, to New York; Jennie Hughes, to Olympic, Brooklyn; Keating and Flynn, to New Haven; and the Sharpleys, to Buffalo. To open 30: John Wild, Bobby Newcomb, Harry Woodson, El Nino Eddie, Brevarde and Sautelle, Frank Livingston, Frank Losee, Healy and Conway and Ella Saunders, Helen and Clara Courtland, Edna Markley and Mabel Pearl. The style of entertainment will be changed Oct. 7, when "Divorce" will be produced, with Katharine Rogers and Mabel Santley in the cast.

THE MCCARROLL presented the following artists as his "fifth cluster of brilliants" at the Comique, Brooklyn, E. D., Sept. 23: Fanny Beane and Charles Gilday in musical sketches; Fanny Reynolds, ballad-singer; Nellie Abbott, serio-comic; the Davenport Brothers in a very clever sketch; Beale Hall and Pash, songs, dances, etc.; Conroy and Daly as "Troublesome Tenants;" Wm. Dwyer, motto-vocalist; and the Carrolls in their taking specialties. On Saturday evening the company was strengthened by the appearance of John Hart, A. C. Moreland, in the sketch of "Divorce." The performances were very satisfactory, but business was only fair. Of the retiring company, Fanny Reynolds and Nellie Abbott had no date booked; Conroy and Daly went to the Olympic, Brooklyn; John Hart, A. C. Moreland, Dwyer and the Davenport Brothers, New York; Mayo and Pash, Baltimore; Fanny Beane and Chas. Gilday, Troy. The new people in this week's programme are the Whitneys, Allie Drayton, Fanny Prestige, Grace Taylor, Mulligan and Morris, Williams and Sully, Barney McNulty, Frank Arlington and Moghlen and Cartright.

CINCINNATI ITEMS to Sept. 28 are sent as appended by our correspondent: "Tito Cellini's European Burlesque Combination formed the basis of the attraction at the Grand Central. Some of those billed failed to materialize, but the regular management of the theatre had other attractions to replace them. These were the Springers in a 'cat duet,' which took well; Alice Allen, song-and-dance; Searles Brothers in clogs; Annie Boyd, serio-comic; Allie Smith, song-and-dance; and Nellie Clark, musical juggler. Pauline Markham and John Reilly were the stars of the combination, and there was a fair ballet. The attendance has been good. Departures: Cellini's Combination, which takes the road through Ohio; Nellie Clark, Cleveland; Alice Allen, who goes with Cellini; and Annie Boyd. Opening 30: Grace Ballis, George and Lizzie Derlous, Ned Barry, May Winans, Terry Ferguson, Maggie Le Claire, Charles A. Wells, Mason and Wesley, Ben Brown, Cory Sisters, Goldie Mitchell, Eva Bennett, Ada Foy and Tillie Presige..... Edmund Pierce and Marie Fairfax in "Ine Lyons Mail;' the Ifferd Sisters in musical sketches; Sig. Elvino and Miss I. O. on the trapezes, each also vocalizing; Ida Bertha, dancesse; and Crawford and Kelly, song-and-dance, were the new ones at the Coliseum 16. Biz good. Departures: Edmund Pierce and Marie Fairfax, New York; Elvino and I. O., Philadelphia; Crawford and Kelly, Webster Brothers and Ida Bertha. Opening 30: E. E. Forrester, Rosa Morrelli and Young Eldon, Annie Braddon, Smith and Byrne, and J. C. Murphy.....Walton, "The Musical Punch," was the only vaudeville addition at Buck's 23. Departures: The Waymans, Chicago. Opening 30: Banker and Mills, Little Rosebud, and Sid. C. France.....Dan Lake, bone-soloist; James W. Wesley, sketch-artist; Andy Armstrong, comedian; Lizzie Barnett, serio-comic; and James Dalton, comedian, opened at the White Hise 16. Biz big. Departures; Mons. Renon, Myra and Cassady, Cory Sisters, Joe Sheridan, James W. Wesley, Kitty Wells, Leonard and Russell and James Dalton. Opening 30: Boyd Brothers, four Hamilton Sisters, Murphy and Fletcher, Jen Welsh, Crimmins Brothers, Billy Mendel, Emma La Mause, and Verona Carroll.....Schicklin's academy of Music was offered for sale 27, but failed to sell. The highest bid was $7,000, which the proprietor refused. It is still kept open. The performers the current week are Walter Wentworth, Harry Grippich, Helena Wentworth, Stella Waldron, May Linn, Bessie Hall, Ada Williams, and Clarence Hall. Biz light.....The Hamilton Sisters, Carrie and Emma Gley, and Tommy Queen were now at the Olympic 16.....Barney Reardon, Charles Barrett, Oley Audie, and Effie De Rock opened at the Eldorado 16.....The Grand Albambra has continued to exist during the current week. Gus. Warner, Katie Herbert, Ada Mortimer, Charles Cook, and George and Lizzie Derlous were the new people 16. The hall will be closed 29, and will forthwith be rebuilt on the ground floor..... Nellie Halliday, Mlle. Pearl, and Mlle. Jeanette are among the company at Guhma's."

BUSINESS at the Comique, St. Louis, Mo., was excellent last week. The La Rue failed to appear. Charles H. Duncan, a fresh arrival, be one of the best motto-singers in the business, and his efforts were enjoyed by all. The other features of the bill were the sketches of J. Sheridan and Alecia Jourdan and the ballet. Tanker and Mills, J. F. Sheridan and Alecia Jourdan and De King and Olympia close 28. The La Rue and J. W. McAndrews begin 29.....At the Globe the newcomers were Charles O. and Geo. Seamon, character vocalists; Joseph Rainbolt, whose wonderful feats of marksmanship have excited general admiration; and W. V. Maimbo, who was compelled to relinquish his part of Lord Chesterton in "The Child-stealer" after the second performance, on account of sudden and serious illness. The character was played by the remainder of the week by W. T. Dale. Joseph Rainbolt and wife close 28. To open 29: Mc. Sweeney, Frank Jones and Alice Montague. Services of Sept. 27.

COOL WEATHER, and an enjoyable bill well performed by an entirely new company, tended to increase the attendance last week at the New National, Hartford, Ct. The company included Williams and Sullivan in Irish songs and sayings; Allen and Carroll, delineators of Ethiopian character; the musical duo, Chas. and Annie Whiting, the latter executing difficult music upon the trombone; John Barker, trick-bone soloist; C. E. Johnson, juggler; and Emma Bretto, the Novello Quartet, whose vocal efforts and imitations of a brass band were enjoyable features. Bob Allen of Allen and Carroll was in Boston two days last week, attending the funeral of his mother, whose demise he received intelligence of 25. Closed 28: Allen and Carroll, to New York; Emma Bretto, Williams and Sullivan, and the Whitings, to Providence; John Barker, Burt Haverly and C. E. Johnson. Announced for 30: Fanny Herring in "Pocahontas," Annie Wood, Chas. and Emma Austin, Billy and Maggie Ray, Thatcher and Hume, Wood and West, Frank Harrison, and Harry Hart.

TRIMBLE'S VARIETIES, Pittsburg, Pa., was again opened Sept. 23, Fred Alms being the manager. The programme included the specialties of Miss Cora Wilson, Waters and Kelly, Miss Jennie Wade, Mackin and Griffin, La Verde Sisters, John and Maggie Fielding, Sarony, Prof. S. Rinehart and educated dogs, Miss Lizzie Richmond, and John R. Lane. The performances of all the people were liberally applauded, and the attendance for the week averaged fair. Fresh paint and other needed improvements enhanced the attractiveness and comfort of the place. With the exception of Mackin and Griffin, who go to New York, the present company remains another week, and will be reinforced by the Parker Sisters..... The Richmond Sisters' Combination appeared at Harry Williams' Academy of Music on Sept. 23, and, for the rest of the week to a much-improved business. The Lynn Sisters, Howland Sisters and Richmond Sisters, all scored a success in their several performances. The costumes of the latter were among the most rich and elegant ever seen on our variety stage. The burlesque of "Amazons, or the Kings of the Golden Valley," was produced, and went better than usually enjoyable. The Lottus British Blonde Troupe for one week.....At the Tivoli Garden are Miss Jeffreys Warner, John Pendy, Belle Postelle, Louise Miller, and Charles H. Stanley. Mr. Pendy is now stage-manager. Advices of Sept. 28.

AT THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE, Indianapolis, Ind., for good, solid audience was present Sept. 23, but business fell off the rest of the week. Lew Dockstader & Murrell's Georgia (?) Minstrels—an organization largely composed of local talent—opened the bill with a satisfactory first part, afterwards introducing specialities. The prominent features of the olio were the acts of the Sherwood Sisters, Murphy and Mack, Fletcher & Gould, Dockstader and Burns, Acland Von Royle, Little Idalene, Cummings and Hines, and John M. Turner, and was concluded by the new local drama, "Beware of Tramps," written by Harry G. Richmond and Acland Von Royle, under the pseudonym for the first time on any stage. Harry G. Richmond personated three characters—Henry Walraven, Captain of Broadway Reserve Squad; Sergeant Archer, and Acland Von Royle enacted Edwin Walraven and Sergeant of the Broadway Reserve Squad; the rest of the cast being as follows: Harold Walraven, W. H. Wallis; Isaac Wolf, J. H. Hunter; Bob Avery, Bob Avery; Simon Johnson; James De Lilia, George Edwards; Bill Moreland, H. Strong; Jack Wentworth, B. F. Horning; Calls, Geo. Robinson; Renee-Renee, Fred Williams; Tom, R. Phelps; Bob, Charles Young; Constable, J. C. Melhurst; Eleanor Mitchell, Miss Laura Hughes; Marianna, Miss Helene Smith. The drama possesses some excellent situations and is strong throughout, the interest being deepened through the simplicity of the plot, which may be told in a few words: Henry and Edwin Walraven are brothers who have quarreled about a trivial matter, and the latter, having been robbed and supposed to be murdered by a tramp who is in possession of a coat which had been stolen from Henry, causes suspicion to fall upon that innocent brother. Isaac Wolf, a Jew to whom the tramp had tried to dispose of the stolen coat, constitutes himself a detective, and, finally producing evidence proving the innocence of the brother, hunts down the tramp and shoots him, and everything ends happily. Harry Richmond gave a clever bit of character acting as the tramp, and W. H. Hunter's portrayal of Isaac Wolf was a highly complimentary effort. W. H. Wallis, Acland Von Royle, and Robt. V. Ferguson, by their good acting, materially assisted in making the cast complete. The drama is divided into three acts, containing seven scenes, the transformation in the "fire and easy" scene in the second act Frank Glading, Frank Harris, Jesse De Silva, and Master Frank, vocalists, appeared in specialties. Business was good during the week ending 28, attracting a fair attendance. Albert W. Aiken and company open 30 in "The Owls or New York."

THE FOLLY THEATRE, late Coliseum, Syracuse, N. Y., is announced to be opened Sept 30, with James Emerson, C. W. Morton, Topack and Long, Dollie Emmerson, Marion Hubbell and Mabel Santley of the Duncan Sisters. The managers are Winters & Deagle.

B. C. HART of the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., states that no tin whistles or chromos have been given away as prizes at his establishment, and that no one of the name would willingly receive as a present. He also states that business has been good.

THE SKONINGENS of the Atlantic Garden, Fort Wayne, Ind., Sept. 23, was largely attended. A new variety theatre is to be built at once (dimensions, 60 by 120 feet), and will be ready for occupation by Dec. 1. It will have a seating capacity for 800 people. The following specialties played last week, and will continue this: Alice Morgan, Ella Grayson, Little Maud, Carrie Wentworth, Frank West, Chas. W. Young, J. C. Murphy, and Mr. and Mrs. Dina Sharpley. Business being in accordance. Chas. Bartine, manager; and Geo. Jacobs, leader of orchestra.

THE NEW ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Chicago, Ill., continues to attract large crowds to its commodious house every night. Manager Emmett is fortunate in having the variety field all to himself this season, his being the only house in the city that supplies this class of entertainment. With his finely-appointed establishment, and such a host of talent as he has here, he seems to have entered upon a fresh career of prosperity, attracting not only a larger attendance than ever before, but showing a marked improvement in the character of his audiences, there being a better class in attendance than has been in the habit of patronizing this kind of performance. During the week "standing-room only" has been the rule at an early hour each evening, an excellent bill has been presented for the most part by the people who were here the previous week; the acts, however, have been changed, Cool Burgess being the chief fresh attraction.

THE SUMMER THEATRE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., was last week occupied by the Siddons English Minstrels, the Arnold Brothers, and the stature company from the Arnold Theatre, Baltimore, Md., under the direction of Chas. Howard. The attendance was remarkably large, and the entertainment exceedingly light. The theatre proper opens 30, with the following company: Charles Thornton in the drama of "Simon Kenton," Eloise Allen, Maud Florette, J. A. Wills, May Adams, the Suydam Brothers, Harris and McNeice, Bryant and Saville. The stock company will consist of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Brown, John Rollinson and Edwards, Billy Williams, M. Schultz, Wm. Matthews (late of the Continental Four), Jennie Parker, Fannie May, May Johnson and Bell Gray. The theatre has been handsomely repainted and redecorated throughout, and a new stock of scenery has been added.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Detroit, Mich., introduced Sept. 23 Schoolcraft and Coes, Oscar Wills, J. R. Taylor, Louise Burdo, Billy and Kate Hayes, Haley and Wee, and Laura Le Clair. Announced for 30: Cool Burgess, Clark and Edwards, D'Alve Sisters, and Nellie Howard.....At the Coliseum 23 came Mlle. Bertha Clinton, Maud Florette, J. A. Wills, May Adams, the Suydam Brothers, Miss Josephine and Samuel Hines, Elsa Carnisan, McCain Sisters, and Ronaldo Bros. (erroneously stated in our last as Lorelios). "Biz" large. Closing 28: Martino, Gertie Fitzgerald, Carlisle and Garland, Lewis Sisters, Turner and Geyer, Buffalo; Mlle. Josephine, Samuel Hines, Baltimore; Ronaldo Bros., Toledo; whose places will be filled 30 by Sheehan and Jones, Niles and Nelse, Bob Allen, Violetta Holladay, Joseph Norton, Edna Carnerow, and Mlle. Azara's Living Tableaux.....Warren Bordwell, the East Saginaw manager, was in Detroit last week.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Wm. and Claudia Ripley in acrobatic business opened Sept. 23. L. W. Browning closed on that date, going to Baltimore, and Emile Ames now officiates as stage-manager. The departures 28 were the Ripleys to Baltimore, and the Rosamont Sisters, to New York. Mlle Mason opens 30. Business good.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Rochester, N. Y., after a thorough renovation, opened the season 15 and overflowing house Sept. 16. It is offered as follows: Show rs & Bunnell, proprietors and managers; John A. Toole, stage manager; Chas. McClure, leader of orchestra; Prof. Blackman, leader of brass band. Billed for 30: Delia Turner, Nellie Wolf, Isaac Wolf, a Jew to whom the tramp had tried to dispose of the stolen coat, constitutes himself a detective, and, finally producing evidence proving the innocence of the brother, hunts down the tramp and shoots him, and everything ends happily. Harry Richmond gave a clever bit of character acting as the tramp, and W. H. Hunter's portrayal of Isaac Wolf was a highly complimentary effort. W. H. Wallis, Acland Von Boyle, and Robt. V. Ferguson, by their good acting, materially assisted in making the cast complete. The drama is divided into three acts, containing seven scenes, the transformation in the "fire and easy" scene in the second act Frank Glading, Frank Harris, Jesse De Silva, and Master Frank, vocalists, appeared in specialties. Business was good during the week ending 28, attracting a fair attendance. Albert W. Aiken and company open 30 in "The Owls or New York."

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MANAGERS OF OPERA-HOUSES, TAKE NOTICE THAT BUT FEW DATES ARE OPEN.

WE WEAR OUR HARD-EARNED LAURELS GRACEFULLY. BRAINS AND ENERGY, AIDED BY BEAUTY AND RESPECTABILITY, MUST CONQUER OBSTACLES.

READ PRESS NOTICES:

The Dizzy Blondes drew another overflowing house last night, and the boys were delighted. A license was refused to the company last week in Indiana, and they were taken off the stage by the police on account of the shortness of their skirts and the plumpness of their limbs; but here in St. Louis the people are not so squeamish, and the more they see of the Blondes the better they like them. The singing and dancing were very good. To-night the Dizzies will give another show, and will introduce some new specialties.—**St. Louis Globe Democrat.**

May Fisk's Original English Blondes shook their flaxen curls and winked their twinkling eyes, for the first time in this city, at a packed house last night. They are good-looking, piquant, have sweet voices and dimpled cheeks, and captivated more than one of the thousand hearts that beat time under as many waistcoats to the music of their ditties and the patter of their feet. They appear to good advantage in the olio performance and in the quasi-burlesque "Our Naughty Girls," and the entertainment they provide meets with a favorable verdict. The specialty artists are pretty good in their way, and Bobby and Alice Daily in their sketches, Johnny Harris and Charley King, the funny musical tramps, the peerless Kitty Sanford in her songs-and-dances, and last, but not least, the Sanyeahs in their astonishing feats of equilibrium, are worthy of individual notice. The Blondes will hold forth nightly for the remainder of the week at the Comique. The old Comique fairly groaned last night with the sweltering mass of humanity who desecrated the Sabbath to see the Blondes. The Blondes bloom beautifully.—**St. Louis Evening Post.**

The theatre opened last night with the renowned English Blondes. The house was packed in every part, and the audience went wild with enthusiasm. The Blondes are the most voluptuous specimens of plumpness that ever appeared here.—**St. Louis Globe-Democrat.**

Miss May Fisk's English Blondes and Variety Troupe are playing a successful engagement at the Theatre Comique this week. The audiences are large and enthusiastic, and the success of the engagement seems assured.—**St. Louis Daily Times.**

Early in the evening the Metropolitan was jammed full of people, eager to hear what they could hear and see what they could see at the performance given by the May Fisk Blondes. Thirty-nine bald-headed men were present by actual count, exclusive of those who occupied seats in the upper gallery and were not enumerated. The various departments of our government—State, county and municipal—were well represented. The performance was of a general variety and semi-operatic character, and was received with rounds of applause from the audience. It may be proper to add that the old men present were there for the purpose of seeing whether or not the performance was of a suitable character to be witnessed by the rising generation.—**Indianapolis Journal.**

Miss May Fisk's troupe of English Blondes will appear at the Comique to-morrow evening. "Our Naughty Girls" and the Nine-pin Dance will be given on the opening night. These blondes are the most perfect in form and beautiful in feature of any troupe that has appeared here. They are excellent artists, besides, and some of them are superb vocalists.—**St. Louis Globe Democrat.**

Another crowded house greeted the English Blondes last evening, and these individual quintessences of burlesque beauty displayed their round limbs and very fair acting to the immense delight of their numerous patrons. They sing very well, and the burlesque of "Our Naughty Girls" is very nice, and captures the boys every time. The specialty artists are good, and the programme throughout is an attractive one. Some new features will be introduced to-night. The Blondes will again appear as "Our Naughty Girls."—**St. Louis Evening Post.**

HOW HE GOT A RESERVED SEAT.—He was a fine-looking old man. He looked like a deacon—one of those pillars of society whose example carries great weight. When he took off his plug-hat to wipe his head with his red-silk handkerchief, he exposed to view an honest scalp that needed no covering. He edged into the ticket-office, and stood near the plot of reserved seats for the Blondes. He glanced at it a moment in holy horror, and called for a copy of Baxter's "Saint's Rest." While the clerk turned his back to look for it, this good old man looked again at the plot and found No. 6 in the front row untaken. "Young man," said the pious old gent, "you need not look for that book. My eyesight is defective, but I observe that there is to be a concert here to-night for the benefit of May Fisk. I was well acquainted with her cousin, and for charity's sake I'll take a front seat, No. 6." And the old codger winked at the clerk and shelled out a dollar, got his pasteboard, put a nickle in the yellow-fever box, and meandered up street hunting oysters.—**Leavenworth Public Press.**

May Fisk's English Blondes are drawing tremendous houses, standing-room only being the order of things at the Theatre Comique last night. The entertainment introduced a sparkling burlesque known as "Our Naughty Girls," which, with the celebrated Nine-pin Dance, brought thunders of applause from the admiring audience. The same bill to-night.—**St. Louis Journal.**

May Fisk's English Blondes have made a decided hit at the Comique, and last night another large audience was in attendance, every seat in the house being taken and the lobbies well filled. The company is an exceedingly attractive one, and contains all the female beauty that could be asked for in an evening's entertainment. The programme is replete with good points, opening with a minstrel scene, followed by an olio, and closing with a laughable extravaganza called "Our Naughty Girls." The olio contains a number of meritorious acts by Bobby Daily, Kitty Sanford, the Sanyeahs, Capitola Forrest, Laura Bennett and Billy Wylie. Lovers of variety will find in the entertainment a rich treat.—**St. Louis Evening Dispatch.**

The bald-headed fraternity as well as "the boys" were well represented in the large audience at the Opera-house last night to listen to and witness the rendition of a delightful programme. The ingredients of the bill are void of that ultra variety which characterized Mme. Rentz's outfit, which appeared here a short time since, but partakes more of the genteel character, and is "chuck full" of spicy jokes, side-splitting burlesque and fine vocal renditions. The house will doubtless be crowded again to-night.—**Kansas City Times.**

May Fisk's Blondes, at the Opera-house last night, surprised their audience by giving an entertainment so much better than any previous troupe in the female variety line that has ever before appeared here. The songs were all new and the voices sweet and clear; costumes neat, and sufficiently ample to satisfy the demands of ordinary modesty—among men; dancing exceptionally good and unusually varied for a variety entertainment; and from first to last the audience, entirely masculine, was kept in the best of humor. May Fisk's Blondes are the prettiest and wittiest of the many female companies that have appeared here. They give another entertainment to-night.—**Kansas City Journal.**

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